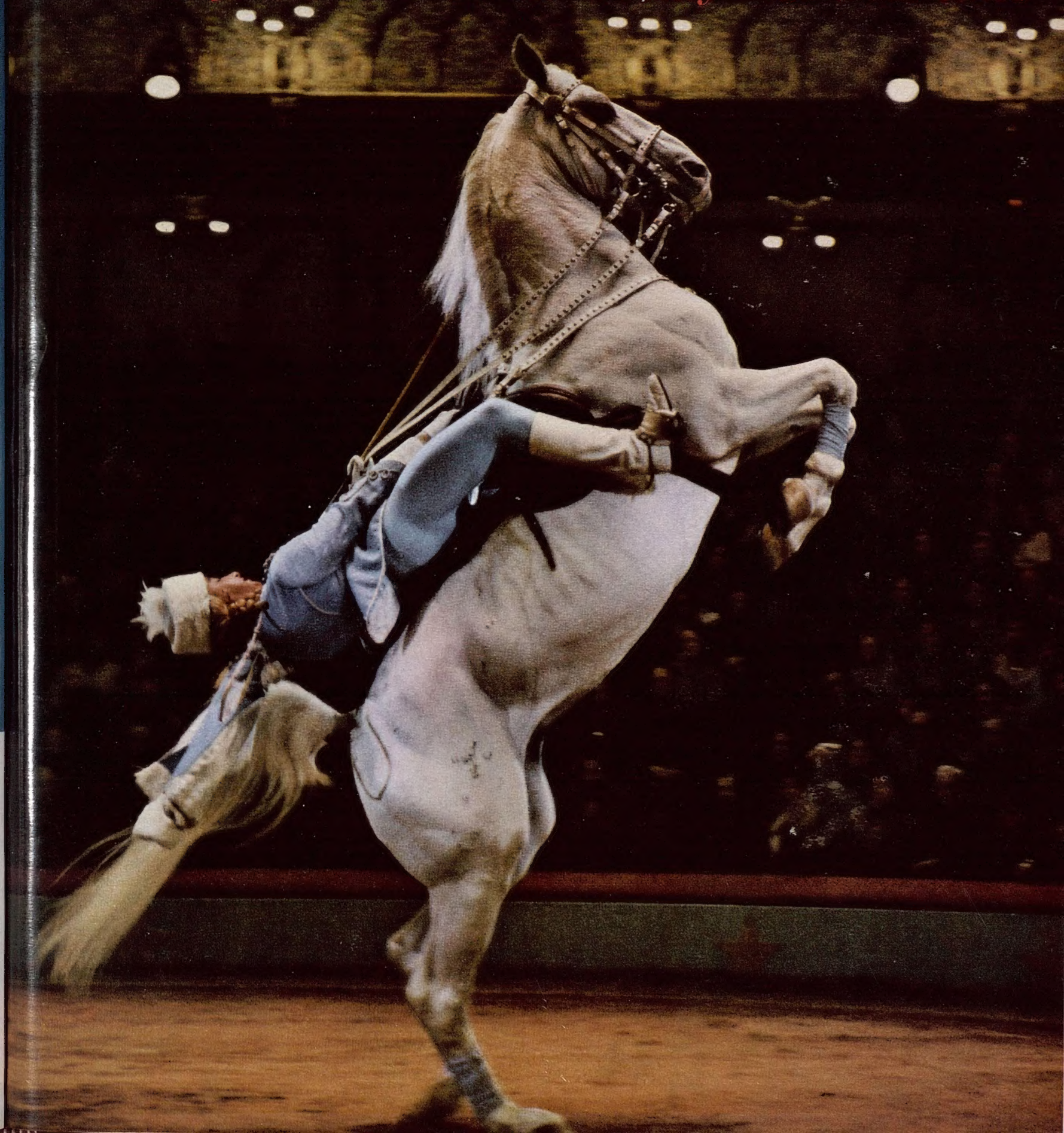




THE

# Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 26 Dec. 1962







## Of course it's unbelievable – this is the Bahamas!

Where else would you find pure, clear turquoise sea... sand that is actually pink! Where else but the unbelievable Bahamas, with their fabulous atmosphere, their delightful social life. No wonder people with all the world at their feet fly off to the sun-drenched Bahamas every winter!

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beauty or such a profusion of facilities for doing exactly what you like. Swimming, water-skiing, sailing, of course. Big Game Fishing on the Out Islands is quite an experience. And if you want to keep your hand in, tennis, golf, badminton... everything is here.

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a traditional horse-drawn Surrey and then go on a delightfully lazy, clip-clopping tour... from Blackbeard's Tower to the Queen's Steps past tropic flowers growing in dazzling colours.

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# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

26 DECEMBER, 1962

Volume 246 Number 3200

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Cheerful aftermath, or anti-climax? That is the question looming largest on Boxing Day, and this issue offers some hints on answering it. One of the keystones of the Christmas show season is the circus, and on pages 834-9 Michael Peto photographs it in training for the big season. Another aspect is the unplanned party. Pamela Vandyke Price conducts a class for quick decisions in serving wine on pages 832-3. Fashionwise, Elizabeth Dickson whips up a delicious soufflé on the strategy of shifts, on pages 841-8. The circus horse on the cover is by Barnet Saidman

Postage: Inland, 4½d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months, including Christmas number, £7 14s.; Six months, including Christmas number, £3 19s.; without Christmas number, £3 15s.; Canada: Twelve months, including Christmas number, £7 1s. (\$21.50); Six months, including Christmas number, £3 12s. 6d. (\$11.50); without Christmas number, £3 8s. 6d. (\$10.50). U.S.A. dollars: Twelve months, including Christmas number, \$22.50; Six months, including Christmas number, \$11.50; Six months without Christmas number, \$11.00. Elsewhere abroad: Twelve months, including Christmas number, £7 18s. 6d.; Six months, including Christmas number, £4 1s.; without Christmas number, £3 17s. 6d.

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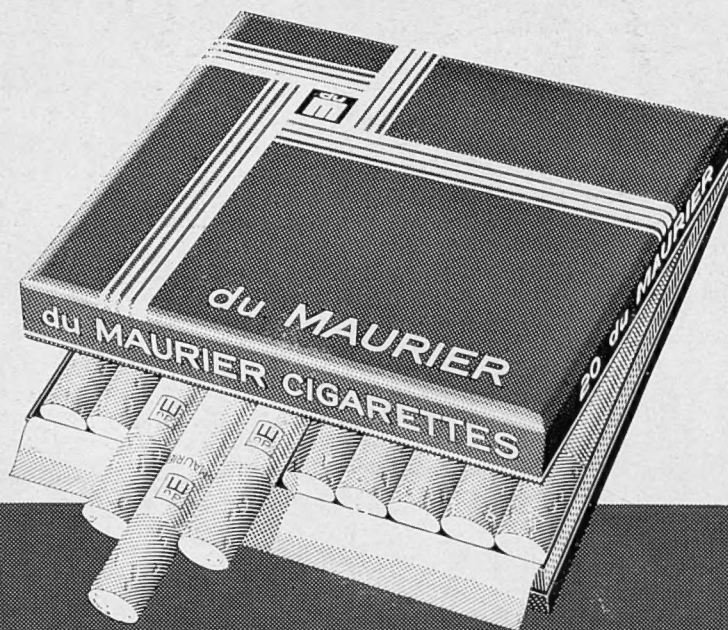
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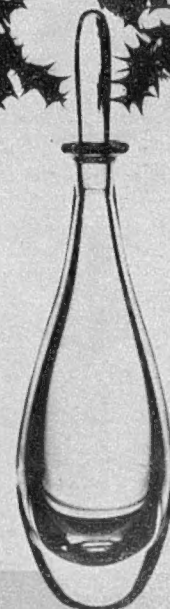
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# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Children's party** (up to 8), Georgian Restaurant, Harrods, 3.30-6 p.m., 2 January, in aid of the Save the Children Fund. (Tickets, £1 1s., from the Hon. Mrs. Koppel, 56 Egerton Crescent, S.W.3, KNI 2939.)

**Organ Grinders' Ball**, Chelsea Town Hall, 3 January, in aid of the Family Welfare Association. (Tickets, 30s., from Lady Vallat, 10 Phillimore Court, W.8. wes 4298.)

**New Forest Spinsters' Ball**, New Forest Hall, Brockenhurst, 4 January.

**Miss Dorice Stainer's Children's Party**, Hyde Park Hotel, 3-6.30 p.m., 8 January. Fancy dress optional. In aid of the Sunshine Homes and Schools for Blind Children. (Tickets, 15s. inc. tea, six for £4 5s., Ascot 954 or EUS 5251.)

**Children's parties**, Savoy, in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Up to 8 years, 9 January, 3.30-6.30 p.m.; Head-dress party, for 9-14 years, 10 January, 4-7 p.m. (Tickets, 25s. inc. tea, from Mrs. Gilbert Russell, KNI 8222.)

**Suffolk County Ball**, Athenaeum, Bury St. Edmunds, 11 January.

**Putney Hospital Dance**, Hurlingham Club, 11 January. (Tickets, £1 1s., from Mrs. A. M. Tudor, 12 Hazlewell Road, S.W.15, PUT 1472.)



A new idea in Anglo-American co-operation will materialize on Friday, when a television audience estimated at 50 millions will see a top-star version of Ibsen's Hedda Gabler, produced by David Susskind and broadcast by the B.B.C., and in New York. Seen filming it are Sir Ralph Richardson (*Judge Brack*), Sir Michael Redgrave (*George Tesman*), Trevor Howard (*Ejlert Lovborg*) and Ingrid Bergman as the heroine

**Hunt Balls: Belvoir**, Waltham House, Melton Mowbray; **Dartmoor**, Spooner's, and **West Dartmoor**, Maistow House, Roborough, 29 December. **Hampshire**, Embley Manor, nr. Romsey; **Pytchley**, Hazelbeck Hill, Northants; **South & West Wilts**, Fonthill House, Tisbury; **Brecon**, Christ College, Brecon, 4 January. **Cotswold Junior**, Rossley Manor, nr. Cheltenham, 9 January. **Hursley**, Redrice School, nr. Andover; **Quorn**, Quenby Hall, Leics; **Oakley**, Old Warden Park; **Pevensey Marsh Beagles**, Cavendish Hotel, Eastbourne, 11 January. **Cowdray**, Cowdray House, Midhurst; **West Kent**, Grasshopper Inn, Moorhouse, Westerham, 18 January. **Grafton**, Easton Neston, Northants, 19 January.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Steeplechasing: Kempton**

**Park**, Newton Abbot, Wincanton, Huntingdon, Sedgefield, today; Wolverhampton, Market Rasen, Wetherby, Kempton Park, today and 27; Taunton, 27; Newbury, 28, 29; Warwick, Catterick Bridge, 29; Cheltenham, 31 December, 1 January.

## MUSICAL

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *The Sleeping Beauty*, 2.15 & 7.30 p.m., today & 29 December; 7.30 p.m., 1, 4, 10 January. (cov 1066.)

**Covent Garden Opera**. *Die Zauberflöte*, 7.30 p.m., 27 December, 2, 5, 9 January; *La Forza Del Destino*, 7 p.m., 28, 31 December, 3 January.

**Sadler's Wells Opera**. *Die Fledermaus*, 2 p.m., today; 7.30 p.m., 27 December; *Carmen*, 7 p.m., today; *The Girl Of The Golden West*, 7.30 p.m., 28 December; *The Mikado*, 2 p.m. & 7.30 p.m., 29 December. (TER 1672/3.)

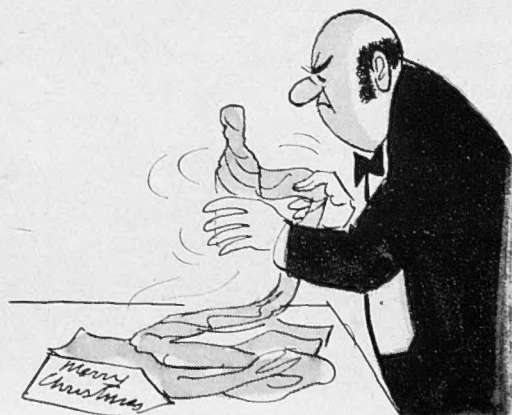
## EXHIBITION

**"Daily Mail" Boys' & Girls' Exhibition**, Olympia, 28 December-12 January.

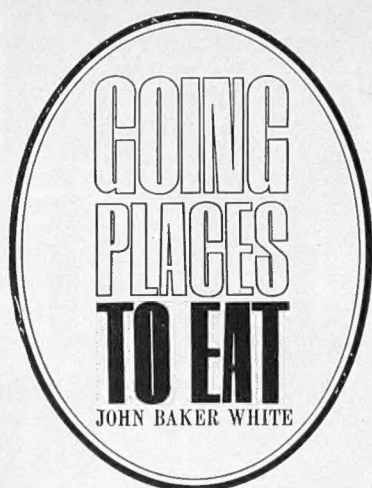
## CHRISTMAS SHOWS

**Aldwych**, *The Comedy Of Errors*; **Arts**, *Amelia's African Adventure* (mats.) and *Three At Nine*; **Comedy**, *Toad Of Toad Hall* (mats.); **Empire Pool**, Wembley, *Peter Pan On Ice*; **Royal Festival Hall**, *The Nutcracker* ballet; **Garrick**, *Cindy-Ella* (mats.); **Her Majesty's**, *Emil & The Detectives* (mats.); **Lyric**, Hammersmith, *The Bluebird*; **Mermaid**, *Rockets In Ursa Major*; **Olympia**, Bertram Mills' Circus; **Palladium**, *Puss In Boots*; **Prince of Wales**, Acker Bilk's Show (mats.); **Prince Charles**, *Clap Hands*; **Queen's**, *Billy Bunter's Christmas Circus* (mats.); **Scala**, *Noddy In Toyland*; **Vaudeville**, *Let's Make An Opera!* (mats.).

## BRIGGS by Graham







## A family in Soho

C.S. ... Closed Sundays

W.B. ... Wise to book a table

**Leoni's Quo Vadis**, 26/29 Dean Street. (GER 9585 & 4303.) Open Sundays from 6.45 p.m. The fact that Peppino Leoni has had to enlarge the restaurant that he opened in 1926 is a pointer to its high standards. His success has been due to a quality that some restaurateurs are apt to overlook—continuous, unremitting attention to the food and customers. After 36 years Leoni still supervises the serving of the dishes.

It is what today is a rare thing, a family business. About the place you will find Mrs. Leoni, their son Raffaello and his wife, his sister and her husband. The fixed luncheon costs 12s. 6d. and dinner 15s. 6d.; from neither are you likely to go away anything but content. If you feel like being a bit more expensive try the *Brochette de Scampi* with a *Sauce Choron* for 8s. 9d., and *Suprême de Volaille-Yolanda*, 13s. 6d. Leoni's is popular with stage people, and it was there that I heard news of that charming, adorable person, Alice Delysia, by all accounts as attractive as ever. W.B.

Americans may be interested to know that Bruno and Gino's Quo Vadis restaurant at 26 East 63rd Street, New York, is an allied restaurant.

**Shafi** Indian restaurant, 18 Gerrard Street, W.1. (GER 2354.) Founded in 1926, this must be one of the oldest, if not the oldest, Indian restaurant in London. You must not mind the decor, which has seen its best days, though the napery, plates and dishes are spotlessly clean. You go to Shafi's to eat curry, regarded by two Indian friends of mine as among the best in London. Your main course will cost you from 6s. to 7s. 6d. without the rice, chutneys and so on that some consider are the main reasons for eating curry. It is licensed and they keep the lager at the

right temperature. The service is attentive and friendly.

**Bindle's**, 3 Milner Street. This small and amiable restaurant, about which I wrote some time ago, tucked away in a backwater on Chelsea's eastern frontier, is now open for dinner on Sundays from 7.30 p.m. Closed on Saturdays and for luncheon on Sundays. It is one of those places that always seem to put me in a good temper.

## Appledore welcome

Romney Marsh is as fascinating on a fine winter's day as in high summer, and Appledore stands at one of its gates. Here is the **Red Lion**, and as fine a cold table as you can find in a day's march. Pork and veal ham pies, turkey, ham, beef, including brisket, and an array of salads. Also a good cheese board, and hot soup if you wish. The beer is well kept and the wines are of a quality much above those usually found in a country inn. Major and Mrs. Lance Kaye give you a charming welcome. Cost? You can do yourself splendidly for under 10s. a head.

## Pub-crawl magnificent

The British Travel and Holidays Association, in collaboration with the Brewers' Society, has published a most useful pocket-size booklet, **Inns of Britain**, listing nearly 1,000 which provide good food and drink at reasonable prices. It also indicates where bedrooms can be had and the minimum charge for luncheon. I was glad to see that it contains some of my own houses of call, e.g. the Cricketers at Wisborough Green, the Star at Alfriston, and the Portman Arms at East Chinnock. In any future edition I would suggest including the Rose & Crown at Brenchley, the Jubilee at Pelynt, the Bell at Aston Clinton, the Red Lion at Appledore, and the George Inn at St. Briavels. The guide costs 1s. plus 3d. postage from the B.T.H.A. at 64 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

## Wine note

Recently I went to a tasting arranged by Dow's that I found most original and quite fascinating. It was designed to show us something of the complicated process, involving some 500 different and major blending operations over a period of 20 to 25 years, that produces their Boardroom tawny port. This wine, light, dry and old, at the moderate

price of 22s. 6d. per bottle, can be drunk at almost any time of the day, before, after, with or without food.

The samples we were shown, and were able to taste, ranged from an eight-weeks' old wine made at Quinta do Bomfim at Pinhao in the Alto Douro, to the quarter of a century old Boardroom "built-up", fresh, full of character, and ready for bottling. It was an illustration of the care, patience and crafts-

## CABARET CALENDAR

**The Establishment** (GER 8111) *New show directed by Nicholas Garland who also wrote it, helped by the cast—Paul McDowell, Wendy Varnals, Robin Grove-White and Peter Bellwood*

**Society** (REG 0565). *The singing comedienne Audrey Jeans, who is appearing concurrently in the pantomime at the London Palladium*

**Room at the Top** (ILF 4455). *Sonia Cordeaux opens on the 27th. Gala evenings Boxing Day and New Year's Eve, with Hughie Green, Nancy Roberts, Julie de Marco and Vic Hallums*

**Pigalle** (REG 7746). *The lavish resident floorshow Tropical Paradise starring the Maori*

man's skill that goes into the making of a good port.

... and a reminder

**Pantry**, Walton Street. *Just the place for those who have just started work in London and want a jolly good meal at most economical prices.*

**Stage Door**, Lower Regent Street, with entrance in St. Alban's Street. (WHI 6850.) *Open from 9 p.m. to 3 a.m.*

**Hi-Five**, now has Tessie O'Shea in the starring spot from *Christmas Eve*

**Colony** (MAY 1657). Joan Turner.

**Quaglinos** (WHI 6767). Noel Harrison, songs with guitar

**Savoy** (TEM 4343). *The Kaye Sisters, the Trio Rayros and Irving Davies who appears with, and choreographs, the Savoy Dancers*

**Talk of the Town** (REG 5051). *The Beverley Sisters. Plus the floorshow at 10 o'clock, Fantastico featuring Michael Desmond, Eileen Gourlay, Christine Craig and the Branton Sisters*

*Christmastime cabaret in London includes Audrey Jeans at the Society and Noel Harrison at Quaglinos*



CRISPIAN WOODGATE





## Best of the Bahamas

NASSAU, ONE OF THE FLATTEST townships in the world, drives people to extremes of affection and dislike. In every sense of the word, it has been built on hard cash. The fact that it is the tax haven of all time accounts in part for the affection. The fact that it is also one of the most expensive places in the world (trivial but telling example: I was charged half a dollar for a bowl of ice sent up to my hotel bedroom) accounts for jabs of irritation that can fester.

It has two quite distinct publics: mink wrapped Americans who decant at Emerald Beach, where the severity of the air conditioning makes mink nearly a must, and a rather more aristocratic collection of expatriate British who haunt the golf clubs and the more Victorian and traditional of the hotels such as Prince George, British Colonial and Balmoral. Lyford Cay, which is strictly a club, is common to both, the denominator being cash and status. Even the newspaper barons are small fry compared to the real tycoons who have plots of land there. But not to cavil: Lyford Cay, built on the only part of New Providence which may remotely be considered beautiful, has one of the most perfectly kept golf courses in the entire Western hemisphere and whatever Nature may have lacked, Man has improvised. A deep harbour has been dredged for yachts, forests have been planted and gardens made.

An even more remarkable achievement of this kind is Huntington Hartford's Hog (now renamed Paradise) Island, 10 minutes from Nassau by ferry boat. Intrinsically much more beautiful than New Providence, with at least two quite spectacular beaches, one can only imagine the effect that this virgin Garden of Eden must have had on a man with money

to spend on it. Nature has been improved to the extent of a golf course whose bunkers were created from deep sand dredging which, in its turn, has created a small harbour. An essence of the Mediterranean has been imported—Italian statuary, olive and lemon groves to flower among the native hibiscus. An Italian landscape gardener has created sunken rose gardens and formal terraces in front of the hotel. Casuarina trees shade a series of superb hard tennis courts, and a small *folie*, such as one might find at Versailles or Nymphenburg, has been equipped as a night club. The hotel building is graced by Czechoslovak crystal, by French inlaid satinwood. If the Western hemisphere is spared, who knows? His estate might be the subject of a Baedeker in A.D. 2000.

In the meantime, prices for staying there are not quoted. When I viewed it in its last stages of completion a year ago, a junior executive told me that they didn't expect the rates to be *cheap*, because they were anxious not to encourage the wrong people. For better or worse, Nassau is a man-made playground of the Western world, with the emphasis on "Western." Its prices are geared to the American economy, as they are—I must say, in fairness—throughout the West Indies as well as the Bahamas.

One of the most entertaining aspects of Nassau is its night life. Not only what goes on in the air conditioned night clubs

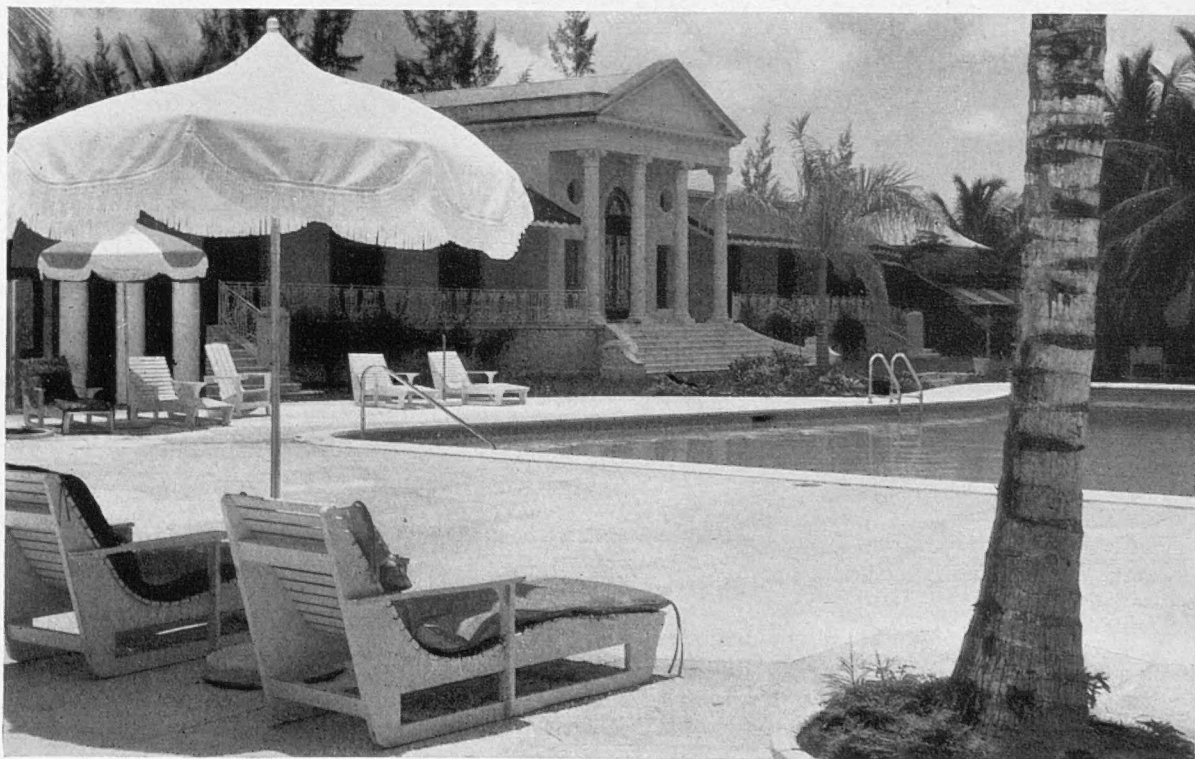
of the big hotels, but what goes on in a less reputable district known as "Over the Hill" (a relative term, since the whole of Nassau and New Providence is flat). The Cat & Fiddle, Conch Shell, Confidential and Flowers are native haunts, ranging from mission halls to tea rooms, which have been adopted by visitors for whom they represent a welcome opportunity to slum. It is usual to take in all four, and more, ending at the Flowers around five in the morning, when not only visitors (and natives) but entertainers from all the other clubs forgather to eat bacon and eggs well laced with HP sauce, and dance to music from a juke-box.

Depending on your inclinations and on whom you know, Nassau is worth a night or two, or more. But the real glory of the Bahamas is the Out Islands. Fortunately, they are easily accessible by frequent air services, and most journeys are under 40 minutes. The hop over to Andros, for example, takes just 20 and costs, at \$8, less than the taxi fare from Nassau Airport into the city. The object of Andros is the Lighthouse Club, a typical hotel-and-cabaña development. A convivial bar, restaurant and swimming pool compensate a less-than-wonderful beach, though the actual swimming once you're in the water is, as always, superb. I much preferred French Leave, at Governor's Harbour, Eleuthera Island. This has an immense private beach of pure pink coral, and is best appreciated

by those schizophrenics (of whom I am one) who like to spend their day as on a desert island and prepare to be gregarious only after six. The hotel, owned and run by actor Craig Kelly, is casual but highly civilized. He gathers entertaining company, employs an Italian chef. There is a dancing patio by the swimming pool, and the bedrooms are set well apart from the main building. Rates are in the region of 17 guineas a day for two, excluding lunch. Other places which, I am told, are in the same idiom and price bracket are Picaroon Cove and Pink Sands Lodge, both on Harbour Island, and Peace and Plenty, on Exuma. People who want specially to fish (for the deep sea fishing hereabouts is almost without peer) head for Bimini, and stay at Anchors Aweigh, the Compleat Angler or Brown's.

BOAC's air fare to Nassau, Economy Class, is £212 17s. But it makes sense to take one of the inclusive holidays which they offer in co-operation with leading travel agents, especially in a part of the world where there is but little temptation to eat freelance. A 24-day holiday divided between Nassau and either Picaroon Cove, on Harbour Island, or French Leave, on Eleuthera, costs respectively £313 or £320. Seventeen days, limited to Nassau itself, can be had for £213: in either instance, everything is included except lunch, a meal which in any event figures small in this part of the world.

The Bahamas: *The Balmoral Club near Nassau, haunt of the British, who respond to its more Victorian and traditional ambience*



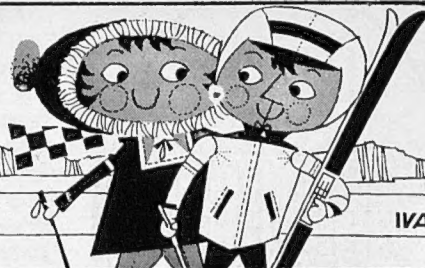
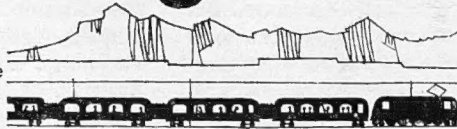


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Hotels	Beds	all-incl. rates
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Raetia ..	90	32.— to 46.—
Rothorn Savoy ..	100	34.— to 50.—
Seehof ..	110	32.— to 46.—
Valsana ..	140	34.— to 50.—
Waldhotel ..	150	28.— to 42.—
Anita ..	45	25.— to 39.—
Belvedere ..	65	25.— to 39.—
Isla ..	40	25.— to 39.—
Merkur ..	50	25.— to 39.—

Hotels	Beds	all-incl. rates
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Surlej ..	40	25.— to 39.—
Suvretta ..	40	25.— to 39.—
Bahnhof ..	30	22.— to 34.—
Gentiana ..	30	22.— to 34.—
Hof Arosa ..	75	22.— to 34.—
Obersee ..	30	22.— to 34.—
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Kursaal — jeu de boule

\* Room, breakfast, heating, tips, and taxes.



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THE TATLER  
26 DECEMBER 1962

823

# PARTY PRESENTS



Francesca de Lagarda arriving with presents at the party given by Mrs. John Graham for her children, four-year-old Amanda and three-year-old Giles, at their London home. More pictures by A. V. Swaebe, and Muriel Bowen's column, overleaf



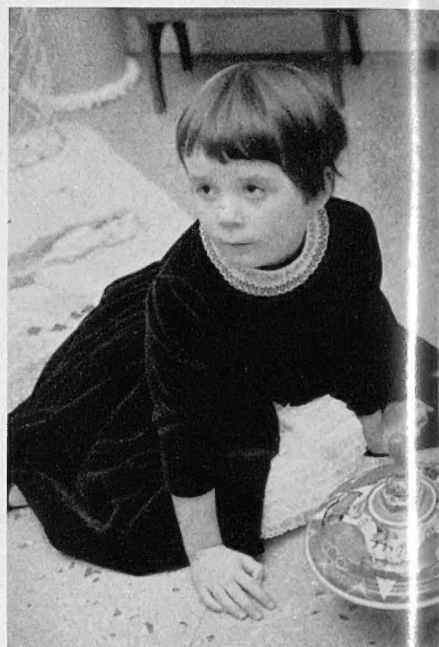


**PARTY PRESENTS** CONTINUED

*Nicole, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Salgo*



*Mrs. John Graham, who gave the party, organizing Musical Bumps*



*Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Francis Cator*



PHOTOGRAPHS: BARRY SWAEBE

*Nicholas Agar, Robert, son of Mr. & Mrs. Erasmus Darwin, and Jeremy, son of Mr. & Mrs. Ian Paul*



*Amanda Graham, John Eastwood and Louise de la Hey*



# The Queen goes to a première

BY MURIEL BOWEN



Jonathan, son of Mr. & Mrs. Nigel Halliday, and Susan, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Rollo



Matthew, son of Mr. & Mrs. John Porteous, and Anya Ciechanowski



Joanna, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Michael Essayan, and Charles, son of Mr. & Mrs. Francis Cator

IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST GLAMOROUS occasions of the winter to date when the Queen and Prince Philip went to the Odeon, Leicester Square, for the world première of the spellbinding film, *Lawrence Of Arabia*. Service chiefs, film stars, and a swathe of social names watched the Queen arrive on a closed circuit television screen.

The Queen in a full-skirted dress of white faille and wearing a diamond tiara, necklace and bracelet, walked beneath a canopy made of Arab tents decorated with tropical trees. Crush barriers held back the crowds in Leicester Square, and her arrival with Prince Philip was heralded by a fanfare from trumpeters of the Blues.

They were received by LT.-GEN. SIR REGINALD & LADY DENNING and VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS BOYD OF MERTON on behalf of the two charities associated with the première. These were the Soldiers', Sailors' & Airmen's Families Association and the Save the Children Fund.

It was an evening of beautiful jewels and beautiful gowns, the MARQUESA DE SANTA CRUZ, the MARQUESA DE VILLAVERDE, the MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN & AVA and LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE being among those who turned many heads.

Others in the vast audience included the EARL OF DALKEITH, M.P., and the COUNTESS OF DALKEITH, Mr. PAUL GETTY, ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR CASPAR & LADY JOHN, and Mr. RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH and his son MICHAEL who presented a new book on Lawrence, specially written for children, to Prince Philip for the Prince of Wales.

VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS ASTOR were both there, so were LORD CARRINGTON, First Lord of the Admiralty, and LADY CARRINGTON, SIR RICHARD & LADY BURBIDGE, MRS. NEVILLE BLOND, and EARL & COUNTESS BEATTY. Even for a film with the pulling power of this one, selling the tickets is a gigantic chore and there were many compliments for people like LADY MARGARET SANDEMAN-ALLEN & MRS. SEARY MERCER who wrote hundreds of letters to their friends to come and support it.

The film, which runs for over three hours, is—apart from the story of Lawrence—a remarkable kaleidoscope of colour and movement. The sunrises

CONTINUED ON PAGE 827



# UNIVERSITY DRAG



*Viscount Ullswater, one of the joint-Masters of the Cambridge University Draghounds. Top: Mr. Mark Chamberlayne & Mr. John Aird*



*Mr. Peter Hill-Walker, a joint-Master of the Cambridge University Draghounds*



*Mr. Brough Scott, a joint-Master of the Oxford University Draghounds*



*The Oxford & Cambridge University Draghounds held their combined meet at Deddington, Oxfordshire. The four joint-Masters, Viscount Ullswater and Mr. Peter Hill-Walker of Cambridge, and Mr. J. Brough Scott and Mr. J. D. Taylor of Oxford, joined forces in the market square*

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Mrs. George Forbes. Top: Lord Courtenay, heir to the Earl of Devon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 825

and sunsets are superb and the slow, clod-hopping camel convoys made an unforgettable impact. One man able to fill in the behind-the-scenes story of it all vividly for his friends was Lt.-Col. R. C. HURT, the military adviser on the film. He is also the honorary secretary of the Soldiers', Sailors' & Airmen's Families Association for Pembroke.

#### THE PRODUCER'S PARTY

After the première Mr. SAM SPIEGEL, who produced the film, gave a supper party followed by dancing at Grosvenor House. Guests complained about what a job they had parking their cars, but such frustrations were soon forgotten and many of them were still there and dancing energetically at 5 a.m. Supper of hot consommé, creamed sole, roast chicken and dessert—*les cerises jubilé*es and *le parfait glacé Napolitain*—was served at a series of tables. Sitting at Mr. Spiegel's own table were PRINCE & PRINCESS STANISLAUS RADZIWIŁŁ who were asking about the American première of the film.

Many of those who had taken part in the film were there and one of the things they were asked most about was the hardship of living in the desert for weeks during the filming. "At one stage the only civilized thing round seemed to be a bottle of Coca Cola," one of them said.

VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS MONCKTON OF BRENCHLEY were there and so were the HON. ANTHONY & the HON. MRS. BERRY (he has recently been adopted for a safe Tory seat for the next Election), SIR MICHAEL & LADY ADEANE, Mrs. JACK HAWKINS, who said that her husband was in America filming, Mr. CHARLES CLORE, Mr. & Mrs. PETER BROOK, Mr. & Mrs. BILLY BUTLIN, LADY MCINDOE, PRINCESS DJORDJADZE, and Mr. NOËL COWARD who was at a table with a group of his friends. PETER O'TOOLE, hero of the film, was also the hero of the party. When it came to dancing the Madison his was the liveliest of them all.

#### WASHINGTON FUND-RAISERS

Fund-raising for charitable and cultural purposes has taken on a new look in Washington since the Kennedys moved into the White House. Last week an occasion sponsored by Mr. & Mrs. KENNEDY linked 150,000 people in 65 U.S. cities by closed circuit television to raise over £360,000 for the proposed National Cultural Centre, Washington.

Dinners costing "100 dollars a plate" were held in five cities with Mr. & Mrs. Kennedy attending the Washington function. Universities, clubs and cinemas watched the closed circuit television programme which included ROBERT FROST (unofficial poet laureate

to the White House), FREDRIC MARCH reading from Eugene O'Neill's plays, and a cello concerto by PABLO CASALS.

The wonder to me in this mammoth type of fund-raising by social functions is that so many people are willing to pay £35 for a very poor dinner. It is something fund-raisers here must envy.

#### FALLS ARE NOT SO BAD

The members of the Oxford University Drag have a reputation for wild riding. When I asked Miss PATRICIA EVETTS, the Hunt's honorary secretary, if this reputation was justified her reply was an unhesitating "Yes".

The annual joint meet of the Oxford University Drag and its opposite number in Cambridge developed into an unofficial point-to-point. (See pictures alongside.) Cambridge seemed to have the most people finish well up, though what happened *en route* was the subject of reports differing in every essential detail. The meet was at Deddington, and the enterprising fellow who laid the drag, Mr. CHARLES NICHOLSON, included a wide variety of sporting obstacles. The last of these is known locally as "Becher's Brook", a stiff bullfinch with a 7-foot drop which some of the horses negotiated after considerable argument with their riders. Miss Evetts—granddaughter of General Lord Ismay and the first woman to be honorary secretary of the Drag—told me that the Hunt is very lucky in Mr. Nicholson. "Some of our previous runners have just collapsed from exhaustion in front of the hounds," Miss Evetts said.

This year the Drag has had better support from the University than it has had for some years past, which is naturally a great source of satisfaction to the joint-Masters, Mr. J. D. TAYLOR and Mr. BROUGH SCOTT. Regulars include Mr. J. M. PREST, a Fellow of Balliol, Mr. TOM BOYCE who becomes the third joint-Master next term, Mr. MARK CHAMBERLAYNE (son of the secretary of the Heythrop, Col. Chamberlayne), and Mr. DAVID SMYLY, one of last year's joint-Masters who is to marry Miss Evetts. There are also more girls from the University, among them Miss LINDA COE, Miss DEBORAH WELTON and Miss JANE BEECHAM, a granddaughter of the late Sir Thomas.

Visitors are welcomed and, as the Drag has an arrangement with local dealers to provide horses, they can usually be mounted. "People we don't know anything about we put on ponies, but girls who want to have a go simply must have Snuff Bow," I was told. I was led to believe that the "crashing falls" indulged in by both the regulars and the visitors are not nearly as bad as reports would suggest. Prospective visitors may be consoled to know that—"the ground when you hit it is often very soft—so even a crashing fall need not be too bad."



# THE DEEP-SEA MEN DINE

*Atlantic yachtsman Mr. Francis Chichester was the guest of honour in Plymouth when the Royal Western Yacht Club of England held their first gala dinner for many years. The club, whose patron is Prince Philip and Commodore, Sir Winston Churchill, are hosts each year to competitors in the testing Fastnet Race*



*Guest of honour Mr. Francis Chichester, with Mrs. Stuart Lloyd Jones, wife of Plymouth's Town Clerk*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN



*Mr. Henry Williams, hon. secretary of the club, and his fiancée Miss Joanna Baker*



*Mrs. Francis Chichester presenting the club's Challenge Cup to Cdr. P. J. Cardale, R.N.*





*Mr. Stuart Lloyd Jones, Town Clerk of Plymouth, with two club members, Mr. Odling-Smee and his wife, who owns a paint firm*



*Air Vice-Marshal S. W. R. Hughes & Mrs. R. H. Sweet, wife of the club's chairman. Top: Mrs. John McBurnie Wood, dinner organizer, Mr. Wood, Mrs. Cecil Howett*



*Mrs. W. B. Waterfall & Vice-Admiral Sir Nigel Henderson, C.-in-C. Plymouth*



*Mr. & Mrs. F. H. Howard. He is secretary of the Plymouth Sailing Association*



*Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Metcalf, who are among the club's keenest supporters*



# DECEMBER BRIDE



*Miss Jennifer Wimbush, Miss Angela Goldsborough and Miss Penelope Ballantyne, three of the eight bridesmaids*



*Hats at the wedding, turban style and fur for Miss Paula Hayworth and Miss Penny Croucher. Above right: Miss Marine Hodson*



*Miss Gillian Georgina Gough was married to Mr. D'Arcy Conyers at the Grosvenor Chapel. After their Belgrave Square reception bride and bridegroom left for a honeymoon in Paris*



*Mr. Fredrick Hartman, stepfather of the bride, with Mrs. Fredrick Hartman, the bride's mother. Above right: Bridesmaid Katherine Doughty, held by her father, Mr. Charles Doughty, shows her bouquet to the Hon. Mrs. Shaun Plunket*



PHOTOGRAPHS: BARRY SWAEBE



# KILBRACKEN'S ALMANAC: 1963

A YEAR HAS GONE BY SINCE MY PROGNOSIS FOR 1962 was published in these pages. As with my prognosis for 1961, I think it may be claimed that just about half of it came to pass. This is really an extremely high average, when you think that racing tipsters always seem greatly pleased with themselves if they predict even two winners at any particular meeting.

I'm especially pleased with myself for my advice to investors. Twelve months ago, Government securities were at very nearly the lowest levels that anyone could remember. Anyone who then bought War Loan was sent to have his head examined. Having mentioned that Bank Rate would continue to fall steadily (as it did), I went on to say with irresistible logic that "fixed interest securities will rise correspondingly," so that "an investment in out-of-fashion stock such as Consols should show a good profit." And this, let me add, was my *only* investment advice.

I wonder if anyone took it. Since then, while the rest of the market has gone to hell, fixed interest securities have risen by nearly a tenth—from 83.22 to 91.29 at the moment of writing, according to those tables in the *Financial Times*. And once-neglected Consols have been the real star of the year: the 2½s have risen by over 15 per cent, and the 4s by over 18 per cent. On top of this, they have yielded around 7 per cent in interest. The Kilbracken fan who invested £1,000 in Consolidated Loan when I advised it has benefited to the extent of £257.

To him (or her) I now give this following counsel: *do not sell*. Bank Rate will go on

falling; it may well be 4 per cent by the time you read these words, and will reach 3½ per cent in the course of 1963. (The Government believes this will counter unemployment; it helps—but will not be sufficient to prevent this from becoming the year's most crucial issue.) Your Consols will therefore go on rising. Hold on to them until the date of the next General Election is announced (as it will be). Wait one week—and then get rid of them; by then the 2½s should be at 50 and the 4s at 80. If you want more of a gamble, switch from gilts to gold: e.g. West Witwatersrand, whose half-crown shares today stand at 64s. Sell when they reach £5.

I admit that I was wrong in predicting that there would be a General Election in November, but even I was unable to foresee that the fortunes of the Government would slump so disastrously that to call for an election would be tantamount to suicide. There was, however, a *little* General Election in November. In 1963, Mr. Macmillan will no longer feel able to put off the evil day, and you will all go to the polls when the autumn leaves are falling. (I, of course, *won't*, since peers of the realm—and madmen—are disfranchised.) The Tories will be defeated but by no means as heavily as present figures would indicate; so Gaitskell will be premier when you next eat a Christmas dinner.

I wrote a year ago that the Liberals' share of the poll would increase to 21 per cent. This in fact happened; indeed, it was pessimistic. Our share at the General Election will be very slightly below that figure; for this we will reap the princely reward of 14 M.P.s, which is 2.2 per cent of the total. This will not quite be enough to give us the balance of power, since Labour will have 328 seats to the Tories' 298.

I was right in saying that an Irish horse would win the Grand National, but the gilt has been taken off this particular piece of gingerbread by my subsequent discovery that Irish horses have won 23 of the last 30 Nationals. On the other hand, I was wrong in predicting that an English colt would win the Derby and St. Leger, but I believe

that Hethersett, who was victorious in the latter race, would in fact have won the former, too, if he had not been among the fallers at Tattenham Corner. I predict that the winner of the 1963 Derby has not yet seen a racecourse; and is not, at this moment, 100 miles from the Curragh.

And I draw your attention right now, before he's even a two-year-old, to a bay colt by Ballymoss out of Gladness; great things are expected of him in the classics of 1964. His name is Ballyjoy and he is with Vincent O'Brien in Tipperary (as his dam and sire were—remember?).

I correctly predicted that Scobie Breasley would be champion jockey, though he may only have achieved this because Lester Piggott was a naughty boy; and I predict that Lester will pip him on the post in 1963 (so long as he keeps out of trouble). I am rather more pleased with myself for having stated that Ron Hutchinson was "the jockey to watch", because relatively few English racegoers had so much as heard of him a year ago. He finished third in the jockeys' table to Breasley and Doug Smith. He is *still* the jockey to watch.

I came closest to sensational success by saying it was "just as likely as ever" that de Gaulle would be assassinated; this prophecy, you'll recall, was within centimetres of fulfilment. It's not quite as likely in 1963—but still it's on the cards.

Australia (alas!) will keep the Ashes; Cambridge (alas!) will win the Boat Race; Spurs will take the F.A. Cup; Chelsea will return to Division I after a single season in Division II, and Ipswich will return to Division II after only two seasons in Division I. And the world, I again predict, confident that I can never be contradicted, will not yet be blown to pieces: I wrote a year ago that political leaders in the West and the East would slowly begin to behave less like ill-tempered schoolboys, and there are some small signs that this long-awaited tendency is beginning.

An encouraging note, at last, on which to end! A final ray of sunshine! So a Happy New Year to you!



1957 Château La Rose  
Blanche, St Emilion



Typically warm,  
satisfying,  
full-flavoured

1957 Château Pomeys,  
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Strong,  
powerful and complete.  
Needs time  
to achieve  
final balance

1957 Château  
Brane-Cantenac,  
Margaux.

2me  
cru  
classe



From the district  
of Margaux.  
Subtle on flavour,  
graceful in shape,  
solidly made,  
well-developed,  
an attractive  
bouquet

Cheap,  
natural,  
mature, all-purpose



From one  
of the best  
districts  
in the Graves.  
Dry with  
plenty of body.  
Lively and complete



1959 Clos Cantebeau,  
Villenave d'Ornon

A fine  
example  
of an aristocrat  
from Barsac.  
More rigid than  
its equals in  
Sauternes.  
Lively, sweet.



1955 Château  
Climens, Barsac

Entre deux Mers



The guests are due  
but a wine crisis looms.  
PAMELA VANDYKE-PRICE  
outlines some useful ways  
to avoid those slips  
between cup and lip.  
Meanwhile HARO,  
on the opposite page,  
illustrates descriptions in the  
catalogue of a recent wine-tasting

IT'S ALL VERY WELL KNOWING THE RIGHT THING to do with wine. But wine, being on occasion as unpredictable a commodity as woman, can give cause for alarm and then it is either too difficult to go and consult the appropriate work of reference, or impossible even to find any help in same if one can. Here then are my own words to the wise in advance—and the only time I had a bottle split on me was when I had two famous wine writers to dinner, and the only corked bottle I've had at my own table was when I was entertaining two members of the wine trade.

When you are coping with the sudden guest and for one reason or another it's got to be a white wine, it helps enormously to put the glasses as well as the bottle in the refrigerator. Even ten minutes can make a great difference. If you use an ice bucket, put the bottle in neck downwards to start with so that the first glass will be fairly cold. If you have no facilities for serving a white wine at least at cellar temperature, then serve a red one, as nothing is drearier than a tepid white wine, or rosé, especially one on the sweet side.

With red wines, you may have had to rush out and get something in a hurry for the unexpected guest. In this instance, choose a good blend rather than anything that ought, ideally, to have several days rest before being served. Wines with the name of a district—St. Julien, St. Emilion, Rhône or Beaujolais—will often give you greater enjoyment at short notice than a fine wine that needs time and careful handling to show it at its best. Suppose you have a few bottles of a special vintage that you have been saving and someone descends on you. You know the wine is not really ready for drinking, but there's no alternative and all shops are shut. Decant it as long as you can before the meal, and if it tastes hard try pouring it gently from the decanter into a clean jug and back into the decanter again; this aeration can bring on a wine wonderfully, though if you have any chance of slipping down to the off-licence for a good blend, it is better to do this than commit infanticide with a fine vintage far from its prime.

Decanting improves almost every wine: showing off a young wine to greater advantage because of the aeration, and, by removing an old wine from its deposit, enabling its taste and colour to be enjoyed unimpaired. A wine also looks more impressive when served from a decanter than a bottle that your guest may be able to price only too readily. A crafty wine waiter recently thought to get his own back on me by fulfilling my instructions to the letter and decanting a "little claret" an hour ahead of time; one of my guests complimented me on the magnificent full-bodied Burgundy I had served him! The wine was far more enjoyable for having had a chance to "bloom."

If you are nervous about decanting, remember that you can watch the movement of any deposit in the bottle if you hold the neck of the bottle over a candle flame or electric light bulb. Stop the minute you see any bits coming into the neck of the bottle. You can use the residue for cooking. If a wine has thrown a heavy deposit, or, as occasionally happens, the excess of tannin has deposited a film on the inside of the bottle and it is difficult to see the movement of any sediment, put a piece of chemical filter paper, a scrupulously clean piece of linen handkerchief (*not* washed in scented soap or detergent) or a wine funnel with a fine silver mesh in the neck of the decanter or carafe before starting to pour.

Suppose the cork breaks? If it does this often, you have probably got a bad corkscrew. The thread should be sharp and pierce the cork centrally without breaking it. The recently introduced "Sparklets Cork-master" makes cork extracting fairly simple even for the beginner, but with any kind of corkscrew the thing to aim for is a steady, safe leverage. If the cork does break off, take out the corkscrew, remove the surplus cork and begin again, rather delicately. If the cork crumbles completely, as may happen with an old wine, you will have to filter the wine; but the fact that there may be pieces of cork in it does not at all mean that the wine will be "corked." If the cork breaks off halfway and you can-

not get it out, push it right in. You will then find it difficult to pour or decant the wine unless you hold the remaining piece of cork back from the bottle neck, but this can be done with the aid of a skewer or other pronged instrument with which you can get some purchase on the cork. If you are decanting, you need a friend to help you, as it is a three-handed operation.

With champagne or sparkling wines the counsel of perfection is to remove the foil and wire muzzle from the cork, hold the cork down with one hand and the neck of the bottle with a napkin, then gently turn the bottle (not the cork) until the cork comes up with a discreet "pop," and the wine can be immediately poured out. Put your thumb on the cork the minute the wire muzzle is removed to prevent the cork flying out and never point the cork at anything breakable or capable of damage—such as the human face. Stubborn corks of sparkling wines can usually be levered up with slight pressure of the thumb around them and the herd (such as myself) have been known to resort to shoving them in the hinge of a door and levering. A pair of champagne tweezers—rather like pliers—are even more helpful, but if you simply *cannot* get the cork out, you can cut the bulbous top off with a penknife and then insert a corkscrew in the ordinary way, being ready for the rush of its exit due to the release of the pressure inside the bottle.

Nowadays bottles very seldom split, but this is faintly possible, so you should always wrap the neck of any bottle in a napkin before pulling the cork, thereby protecting your hand. If a split does occur, the wine can always be filtered—white wines included—unless there is a lot of powdered glass, when obviously the risk is not worth taking.

And that "corked" bottle. It occurs far less often than the would-be connoisseur may think. It is possible to have one bottle of wine that is perfectly all right, but just less good than another and I have known even members of the wine trade dispute whether a particular wine was slightly "corked," or not. As an amateur I would say if you like drinking it—go ahead.







# REHEARSAL IN THE ROUND



It's the fashion in modern theatre to re-create the open stage of classic times, but there's one flashing spectacle that never did hedge itself behind proscenium and footlights and that's the circus. Michael Peto took these pictures at the Ascot quarters of Bertram Mills on the eve of the move to Olympia for the opening performance. Turn overleaf for more horses, lions, clowns and circus folk







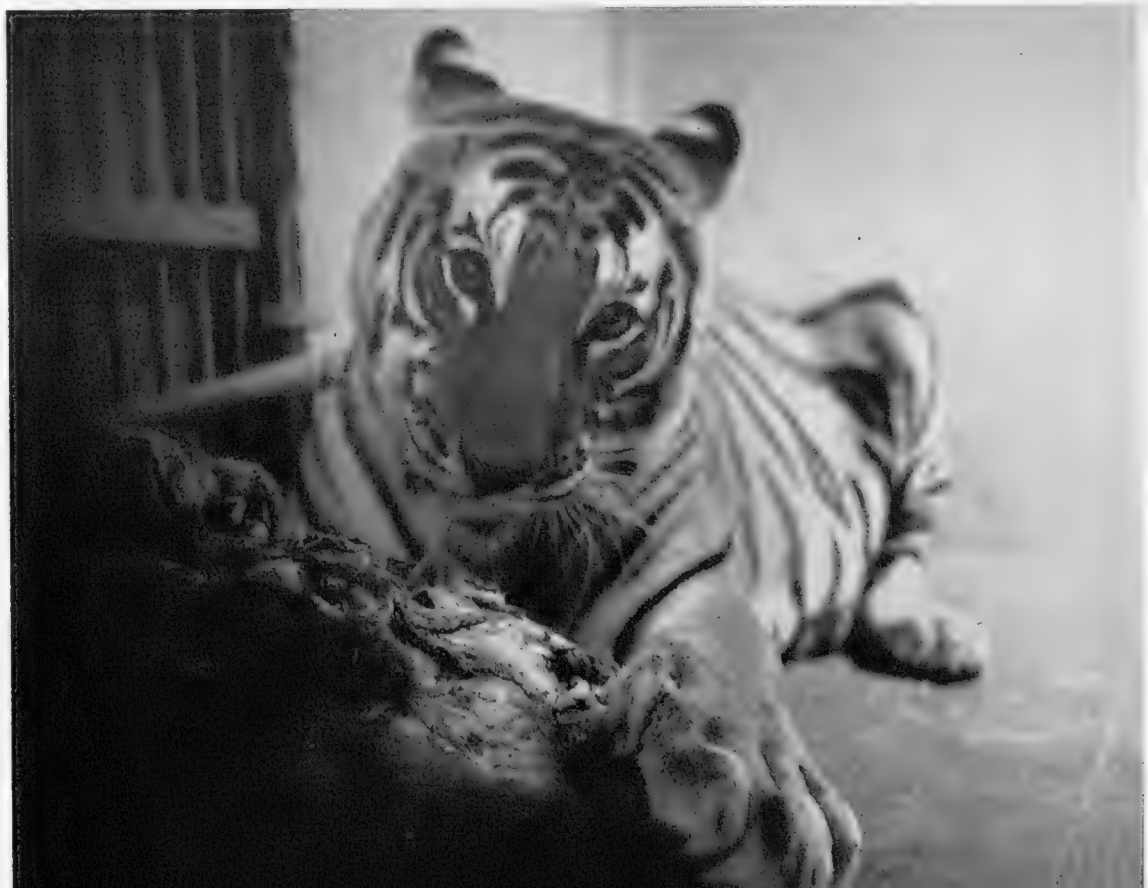
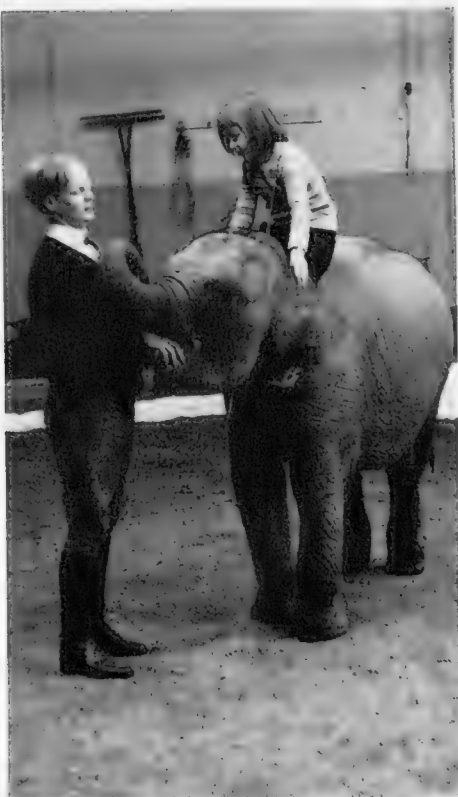
The children of the circus look and learn. Here Yvonne Kruse. Below right: toucan and pigeons—their training to performance standard takes six months. Below left: Suzette trains a cockatoo







Chimp with sax for Olympiâ. Below left: Gosta Kruse introduces Yvonne to the baby elephant at Ascot. Below right: feeding time for a tiger







The Schumann horses at Bertram Mills



A quartet of tigers waiting for their feed. Below: A special train transports the animals





Two faces of Coco, the King of Clowns (below), at home in his caravan, and (left) fully made up for performance. Above: stages in the transformation





COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

# GOOD RESOLUTIONS

**LOSE WEIGHT** by scaring yourself into it with daily weighings-in. The American Hanson bathroom scale is handsome enough not to spoil the look of your bathroom. It has a rather nice textured black stand-on that doesn't chill the feet: £4 16s. at Harrods



**SAVE MONEY** with a cast iron reproduction of an old American mechanical bank. Put a coin in the bird's beak and she flings it into the nest with a screech. 10 gns. from Pollock's Toy Museum, 44 Monmouth Street, W.C.2.



**SAVE TIME** and get up good and early by setting this absolutely reliable clock that you would never expect to be an alarm: £62 10s. at Garrards who have also the smallest coin-sized alarm by Bueche & Girod, which is carried in a suede drawstring bag. It could ring musically in your bag or pocket when it's time to leave a party and go on somewhere else . . . £23.



PHOTOGRAPHS: BARRY WARNER

**SAVE MONEY** by spending 2 gns. on a subscription to a household emergency service. Any time of the day or night you can ring Knightsbridge 3721 and the man at the other end contacts their radio controlled Mini-van service to deal with any household catastrophe. The subscription entitles you to a 10 per cent discount on household furnishings, fittings, carpets and electrical gear, insurance discounts for its members through Lloyd's. Subscribers to the London Household Service, 51 Beauchamp Place, must live in the London area.

**PRACTISE DIPLOMACY** to while away the January nights with a game to test your initiative. Diplomacy costs 2 gns. direct from Intellectual Diver-

sions, 11 Regent Square, W.C.1, or from stationers and toy shops.

**GIVE MORE TIME TO THE CHILDREN** by spending some money on the sort of thing they appreciate most—a party they can boast of for years. Buy them spiffing cakes from the Gloriette, 58 Old Brompton Road, who are noted for their spectacular items that guarantee oohs and aahs. Animal roundabouts, rocket ships, any favourite thing can be whipped up into an exciting g^teau by the Gloriette in three to four days. Prices from 30s. to 10 gns. Then go over the road to Harrods ice cream department who have wizard ice creams like teddy bears, clowns, Speedy Gonzales, animals in resplendent colour for

around 25s. Or maybe an individual teddy bear, marron, real orange, lemon or tangerine stuffed with matching ice cream (around 2s. 6d. each).

**ENTERTAIN THEM** by hiring the services of Percy Press who handles children with all the intuitive understanding of a grandfather. He spellbinds with story-telling magic they can all join in, makes them laugh with a ventriloquial doll or a bouncing Punch & Judy show. Best of all, he really seems to get through to them and knows just how to bring out the shyest child. Mr. Percy Press can be reached at Primrose 2723 and charges from 6 gns. in the London area to 20 gns. elsewhere.

NEWER THAN THE PETTICOAT DRESS OR THE LITTLE BLACK NOTHING NUMBER IN CREPE IS A NEW SHAPE FOR BASIC DRESSING: THE SHIFT. ELIZABETH DICKSON CHOOSES THE CLOTHES TO WORK NEXT YEAR'S DAY AND NIGHT SHIFTS. PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERENCE DONOVAN.



# SHIFTY LOOKS

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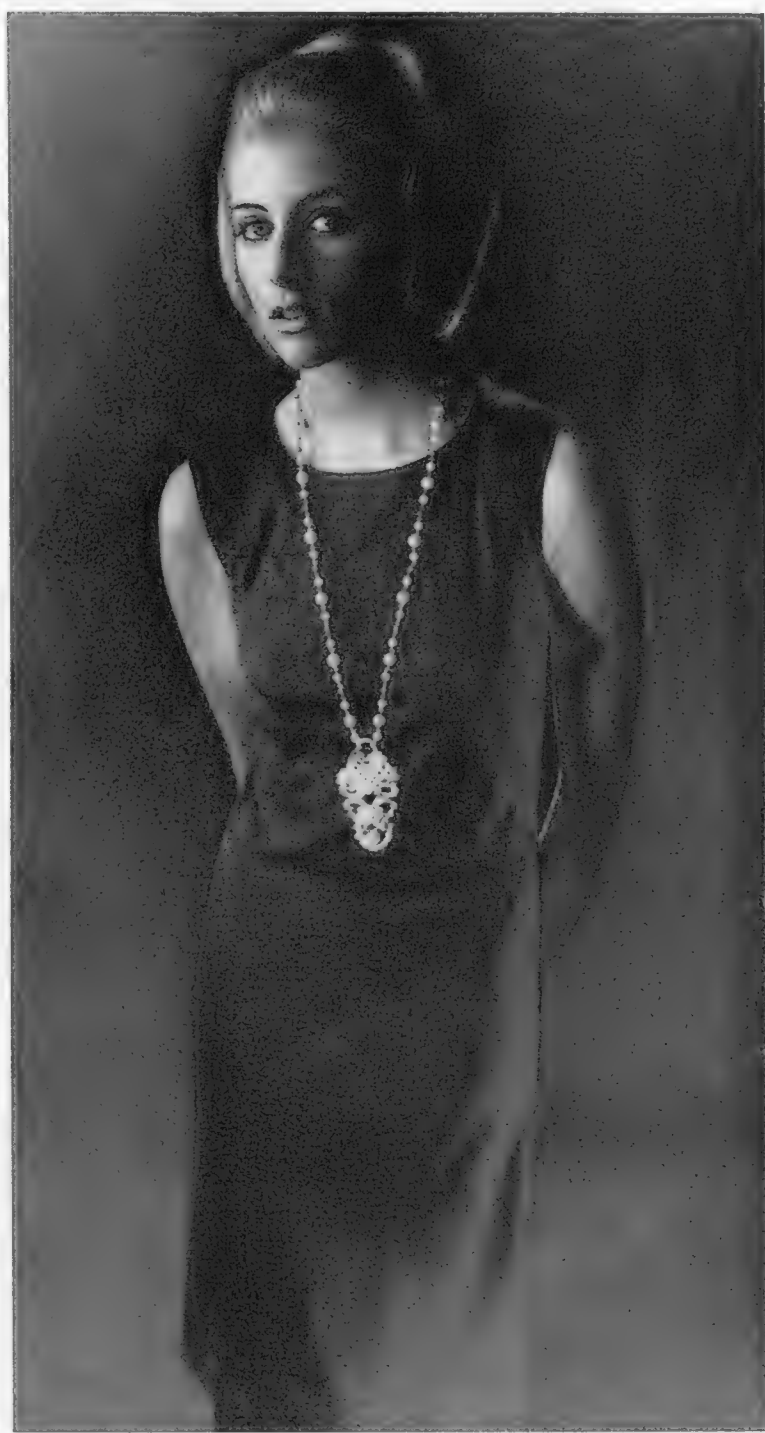
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# VERDICTS

PLAYS

PAT WALLACE

**SEMI-DETACHED** SAVILLE THEATRE (LAURENCE OLIVIER, JAMES BOLAM, NEWTON BLICK, MONA WASHBOURNE, EILEEN ATKINS)

## Sir Laurence goes contemp'ry

THE SINGLE, CRYSTAL-CLEAR FACT WHICH emerges from this particular evening at the theatre is that actors are the worst judges of plays. Our greatest actor and possibly the finest actor in the world, Sir Laurence Olivier, has chosen to appear in a little comedy which has neither wit nor insight to commend it, nor one sympathetic character, and which adds to its drawbacks by being played throughout in that hardest of English accents, the Birmingham.

The curtain rises on an extremely clever set by Mr. Loudon Sainthill: it is the sitting-room of the Midway family's home or, inevitably, "lounge", with a suggestion of hundreds of other similar houses beside and beyond it, a garden and workshop to the right, and a garage, complete with real car and real motor-bike, on the left. There is a glimpse of a "kitchen-dinette" and the whole place is in speckless and hideous order, the Midways being obviously a house-proud lot. The designer must have had a good deal of fun with the details of this dreadfully cheerful room and there are moments when the audience, too, can be grateful for the distractions of pop-up cigarette boxes and fringed ashtrays clinging to the arms of uneasy chairs. For the Midways and their problems are, to put it mildly, without universal appeal. Fred Midway, played by Sir Laurence, is the head of the tribe: a balding, energetic insurance salesman of driving ambition and all the lovable warmth of an anaconda. There is no stratagem, from the acquiring of "really good intros" to arranging his daughter's seduction on profitable terms for himself, that Fred will not use.

Another daughter is urged to divorce her husband, on satisfactory financial terms, of course, or alternatively to go back to him when Fred discovers that that will be a surer way of getting at the money. A young son's pregnant sweetheart is at one point lumbered on to a rich old lecher and later considered as the boy's bride when it is found that the marriage can be handsomely subsidized. Relations are used as pawns, friends are chosen only for the degree in which they might help Fred's advancement, and over all broods the sinister, much too close presence of "the neighbours" who must never suspect that anything but an elegant and, naturally, "contemporary" serenity reigns in the household.

Trying conscientiously to find good points

about Mr. Turner's play (and Sir Laurence's choice of it for his first appearance in London for many, many months) one can list Sir Laurence's own performance, though even he has a bit of a struggle with his "Moothers" and other oddities of accent; some fairly funny lines here and there, though most of them demand sniggers rather than laughs; and a certain continuity in the construction. Mr. Tony Richardson's production is a marvel of stagecraft in the way he manages to get people on, off, across and round the stage and he keeps up the pace splendidly. The action is continuous, each scene beginning exactly where the one before had left off and this gives both smoothness and a story-telling continuity to the play.

A good cast struggles manfully with the difficulties and asperities of Brum speech and Miss Mona Washbourne is the most successful of all. Indeed, her performance comes as close as is humanly, Thespianly possible to making one believe in the character she plays: a mother who gladly arranges illicit holidays for one of her

daughters—a wife whose admiration for her husband's sordid little schemes is boundless. "Shut up, Avril," she says at one moment. "Your father's talking involved." And so indeed Fred is, ceaselessly pouring out his confused, back-to-front versions of correspondence courses in practically every subject which promises a short cut to money.

I have never held the comfortable view that there could be honour among thieves or any outstanding charm among rogues but, in common with several million people, I find it impossible to believe that an entire community should act only from the basest of motives. True, there is one daughter who is a kind of exception but even she is motivated as much by spite as by a true impulse towards independence. Fred, the prototype of this grabbing society, has affluence as his aim and precisely no other interest. No love, no compassion, no honesty of thought or action. And if you have a situation like this where the audience is given nothing to believe then, I submit, you haven't got much of a play.



For the ninth year in succession child dancers gave a programme called *Airs & Graces* in aid of the Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops. Guest of honour at this Scala Theatre performance was ballerina Svetlana Beriosova. Here Elana Medicks of Queens House School is seen as the *Lily of the Valley*, and again (top) reflected in a looking glass with four other performers. Schools taking part besides Queens House were the Bellairs School of Dancing, the Vacani School of Dancing and Potters Bar High School



# Accent on the dancing children

Though to many people Christmas entertainment means pantomime, only three are being produced in the London area this year. Straight plays with an appeal to children have taken their place—and there is always the ballet. For six years now the London Festival Ballet has presented in its entirety *The Nutcracker* to Tchaikovsky's music. Mary Williams (*right*) takes the role of Clara, the little girl whose dream adventures take her through various transformation scenes until she meets the sugar plum fairy who will be danced this season by six of the company's leading ballerinas. Mary is rehearsing at the Arts Educational Trust. The Aida Foster Babes (*below*) appear in the more conventional frolics of *Puss In Boots* at the London Palladium, which features Joan Regan and Jimmy Edwards



## FILMS

## ELSPETH GRANT

**FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON** DIRECTOR IRWIN ALLEN (RED BUTTONS, FABIAN, BARBARA EDEN, CEDRIC HARDWICKE, PETER LORRE, RICHARD HAYDN)  
**THE STORY OF PRIVATE POOLEY** DIRECTOR KURT JUNG-ALSEN (GARFIELD MORGAN, JOHN REES, CECILE CHEVREAU, FERDY MAYNE, ALFRED MULLER)

## Mad about Jules

THERE MUST BE SOME PSYCHOLOGICAL REASON why Hollywood film companies are so mad about Jules Verne. (Yes, I know what *you're* thinking, you cynical thing: that the copyright on his stories has run out and, as they can be obtained for nothing, they naturally appeal to producers who are tired of paying novelists outrageous sums for the doubtful privilege of filming their works—but be quiet, will you, and let me develop my theory.)

It's my belief (or hope, perhaps) that the Americans are beginning to hate the god they have made of Speed—and to appreciate the charm of those good, old, leisurely days when air and undersea travel were only dreams. What jet-plane could offer you the delightful experience (enjoyed by balloonist Passepartout in *Round The World in 80 Days*) of leaning out to scoop up snow from a mountain-top for cooling the champagne? And where today will you find a submarine as beautiful and romantic as the Nautilus—in 20,000 *Leagues under the Sea*?

I felt a certain nostalgia myself while watching the latest piece of Vernery, **Five Weeks in a Balloon**—but this was a strictly British nostalgia (slightly tinged with Jingoism and pessimism): a pining for Victorian times, when there were still odd stretches of Africa for us to acquire by the simple process of "planting the flag"—and a general could confidently assure his men that the civilized maxim of warfare "No fighting after sundown," still held.

Ah, me! How things have changed. Nowadays, the Africans have the nerve to claim Africa as *theirs*—and in the next war bombing by night will doubtless be as prevalent as it was in the last. What's the world coming to? A bad end, I shouldn't wonder. But there: before anybody starts taking me seriously, I'd better get back to the film. It's quite good fun. The year is 1862—and an eccentric professor (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) has invented an unusually manoeuvrable and jolly-looking balloon in which he proposes to take an expedition to Africa to chart the unexplored bits. The "Geographic Institute" having refused to back the project, an American newspaper proprietor offers to finance the expedition—on condition that his troublesome nephew, Mr. Red Buttons, currently raising hell in Zanzibar, is allowed to join it.

The Professor, on the eve of his departure, is summoned to an audience with the Prime Minister (Mr. Herbert Marshall). Queen Victoria (with the good of the suffering natives at heart) wishes the balloonist to hasten to the West Coast of Africa and "plant the flag"—thus foiling the evil slave traders, of foreign origin, naturally, who intend to grab a vast territory which the English plan to develop. (We are made to seem so selfless and high-minded, I hate to tell you that when I was a child I was shown,

in a Liverpool shipping office, old bills of lading covering shipments of slaves—who were stowed in the hold along with other cargo.)

The Professor accepts the Royal command, sets off for Zanzibar, collects the insufferable Mr. Buttons (whom I really can't take, either), and heads for his objective—the Volta River. Pop-singer Fabian is his mechanic (it's a mechanized balloon), Mr. Richard Haydn, a gloriously effete general, serves as his Adviser (or ill-Adviser) on African Affairs—and Miss Barbara Luna, as a slave-girl picked up by Mr. Buttons in the market-place, is the inevitable decorative stowaway.

In the course of their perilous five-week journey, they are joined by a beguiling and adventurous chimpanzee, and rescue a glamorous American gal (Miss Barbara Eden) from the clutches of a sweetly sullen slaver (Mr. Peter Lorre) whom they take with them as a reluctant supernumerary. Meantime native drums have warned the land-grabbing slave traders of the expedition's objective (those native drummers must be out of their African minds to give any assistance to the exploiters of their race) and the villains have made such good speed that they arrive at the Volta River simultaneously with the Prof. & Co. A well-thrown scimitar punctures the balloon—but as the Professor manages, by skilful use of the anchor, to wreck the flimsy bridge on which the slavers are standing and drown them all, our side wins: the flag is duly planted and another slice of Africa annexed to the Crown. Mr. Irwin Allen, the producer

and director, has a fairly childlike sense of humour—which is why I think the film will appeal to the kids. I rather enjoyed it myself—so you won't actually suffer if you take your offspring to it.

It seems to me quite remarkable that **The Story of Private Pooley** was made in Germany: it is a factual account of one of the most disgraceful and hideous crimes committed by the S.S. during the last war. In May, 1940, while the evacuation from Dunkirk was in preparation, a hundred men of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Norfolk Regiment made a stand at the Pas-de-Calais village of Le Paradis. After 17 consecutive days of fighting against hopeless odds they surrendered to No. 4 Company of the 1st Battalion of the 2nd S.S. Totenkopf Regiment. They were disarmed, marched into a meadow and mown down by machine-guns, on the orders of the German company commander (played here by Herr Alfred Muller).

Two men miraculously survived this massacre—wounded Private Pooley (Mr. Garfield Morgan) and William O'Callaghan (here renamed Carter and played splendidly by Mr. John Rees). They crawled out from among the dead, took refuge in a farmhouse and had eventually to give themselves up to the German authorities. Pte. Pooley was sent to hospital and repatriated in 1943. His friend was sent to a P.O.W. camp and never returned.

The story of Private Pooley's determination to bring the S.S. Commander to justice at all costs is grim, gripping and entirely true. See the film, please.

*It's been the rage in Paris for the last three months, and it opened at the London Pavilion last week—Jules Dassin's re-vamp of the French classic Phaedra. Here, Melina Mercouri plays the second wife of a Greek shipowner (Raf Vallone) who falls in love with his son by a previous marriage, Anthony Perkins*





## BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

**LORD BYRON'S WIFE** BY MALCOLM ELWIN (MACDONALD, 45s.) **CAVALRY UNIFORMS OF THE BRITISH ARMY** BY P. H. SMITHERMAN (HUGH EVELYN, 63s.) **THE REAL FIGARO** BY CYNTHIA COX (LONGMANS, 25s.) **FRONTIERS & WARS** BY SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL (EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, 42s.) **MONARCHY** BY HAROLD NICOLSON (WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON, 63s.)

### The Byron break-up

WHEN LORD BYRON SAILED AWAY FROM ENGLAND for ever, "through a rough sea and contrary wind," his good friend Hobhouse ran to the end of the wooden pier and wrote afterwards, "The dear fellow pulled off his cap and waved it to me. I gazed until I could not distinguish him any longer. God bless him for a gallant spirit and a kind one." This moving and marvellously simple, vivid little account of an event that became history goes instantly to the heart of anyone who loves Byron. Having trudged doggedly after the scowling gentleman for years, it is with some astonishment that I must record *Lord Byron's Wife* by Malcolm Elwin as having been a touch much for me. Enormously long and detailed, it is the history of Byron's brief year of marriage and its background, and the author has been able to use the Lovelace papers for his researches.

*Lord Byron's Wife* is a vast fabric of letters, entreaties, recriminations, self-justification, rage, mopes, frustration and misery on the part of two people as ill-matched as can be imagined. The material

is provided by correspondents who thought nothing of writing to each other two or three times a day, until even I, who have an insane passion for letters, was driven to long for the gaps in literary and emotional history that will be left by the telephone. So many italics, exclamation points, dashes, gasps and noisy protestations; so many conflicting stories; so much overdramatizing by Byron—who, as was said of him at the time, allowed his life and his poetry to become confused—all conspire to exhaust and ultimately to enrage even the besotted reader. Anabella weeps, complains, hints at enormities, is boringly the soul of purity and righteousness and alarmed out of her wits by Lord Byron's admittedly abominable behaviour. Byron is moody, drinks far too much brandy, paces up and down galleries all night like a maniac, shouts "Don't touch me" at Anabella in bed, brandishes loaded pistols, throws soda water bottles about and generally carries on like a man totally unfitted for marriage. Both young, both hurt, both roaring egocentrics, the impression they both leave is of having too little to occupy their minds apart from the ravages and despairs of a wholly unsatisfactory domestic arrangement.

On the sidelines Augusta the "Dowdy Goody" writes as many letters as anyone else and attempts to keep the protagonists as calm as possible; the in-laws offer advice; and Caroline Lamb, signing herself Your wild Antelope, cuts her wrists and behaves with tedious predictability. In the end one is forced to admit that, even in the case of Byron, a man's private life recounted in endless trivial detail may not be so interesting as his work. I rather cared, though, for the girl in Greece who was about to be sewn into a sack and hurled into the sea for infidelity—rescued, of course, by

Lord B. And after so much tears and frenzy, it is important to remember that in his letters Byron was the wittiest, funniest, most enchanting and modern of men, when the subject was not Anabella; gallant, in fact, and kind.

*Briefly: Cavalry Uniforms Of The British Army* by P. H. Smitherman is a pretty picture-&-text book, full of white buckskins, trousers in sky-blue and scarlet and all sorts of romantic accessories such as sabretaches, fur caps, bullion fringes, carbines, sabres and crimson sashes. . . . *The Real Figaro* by Cynthia Cox is a rather heavily-written but nevertheless extremely interesting account of the life of the enchanting Beaumarchais, once an expert watchmaker, who looked like Sir Ralph Richardson, was a keen revolutionary, refused the President a box on the ground floor for *The Marriage Of Figaro* in which ladies could watch unobserved ("The pleasure of vice and the honours of virtue: such is the prudery of the day. My piece is not an ambiguous work; one must either take it or leave it. I greet you, M. le Président, and keep my box") and labelled his greyhound's collar, "I am Mademoiselle Follette. Beaumarchais belongs to me. We live on the boulevard." . . .

*Frontiers & Wars* is a one volume edition of the four early war books by the special correspondent of the *Morning Post*, Mr. Winston Churchill, full of very magnificent attacking prose such as "The Dervish musketry now became intense. The Soudanese began to drop on all sides, and the ground was soon dotted with the bodies of the killed and wounded."

And *Monarchy* by Harold Nicolson is a prettily produced book with superb and frequent illustrations, wide margins, a look of no-expense-spared, and a text that informs without very much sparkle.

Against a Picasso background showing the Greek birdman falling to his doom, the corps de ballet rehearse *Icare*, one of the highest-powered works seen since the war at the Paris Opera. For it choreographer Serge Lifar recruited not only Picasso for the scenery (on the basis of a friendship dating back to the Diaghileff era), but Mlle. Chanel for the costumes. Attilio Labis, the Opera's principal *danseur* (centre), represents Icarus, as Lifar himself did when he created the ballet in 1935

### APPARITION IN THE SKY



# GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

## Make your pile the Art way

I HAVE JUST BEEN READING A BOOK ON "HOW to make a fortune collecting art" and I feel that the least I can do, in return for your kindness in reading this column, is to share the secret of this passport to riches with you. Just regard it as a sort of Christmas Box. Together we should be able to clean up a pretty pile in 1963. Of course, as an aesthetically minded art critic I find it very distasteful to talk, or even listen to talk, about art or Art in terms of money. But my need is great and the way to fortune is so easy as to be irresistible. All that is required is a lifetime's study of painting and the art market, and a little capital, say £20,000 to £50,000, for a start.

Don't be afraid of losing your money, for we shall have as our guide and teacher Mr. Richard H. Rush, holder of the degrees of Master of Business Administration and Doctor of Commercial Science from the Harvard School of Business Administration, an investment banker, owner of an art collection valued at more than half a million dollars, and author of a 400-page book, *Art as an Investment* (Prentice Hall, 10 dollars).

Mr. Rush has not, to quote the Wall Street Journal, "quite managed to come up with a suggestion for an 'art exchange' page that would be equivalent to an ordinary stock-exchange page", but you may take it from me that his advice is no less valuable than that of those selfless idealists—the City editors and the racing tipsters—who, while

telling us how to get rich quick, never seem to take their own advice.

And be not afraid that his advice will be way above your head. He writes in basic American. Example: "His [Orozco's] paintings of peasant life bring in the low four figures, and his Cubist period works sometimes sell in the low five figures". And don't be alarmed if he is a bit shaky on British painting and painters. After all, Gainsborough himself thought that he ought to have been Sir Thomas, and if William Holman Hunt, who died in 1910, is not (along with Victor Passmore (*sic*), Stanley Spencer, Philip Wilson Steer and Alan Reynolds!) exactly "a leading name of the Contemporary British School", well, I suppose he was once. Maybe he's not so hot on the Contemporary Germans either, but he knows his Americans. Take Blakelock, for instance. You don't know him and I don't know him, but evidently he's big enough to share a sentence with Turner and Renoir.

Your faith in Mr. Rush's judgment may be shaken a little when, after reading that what makes an artist great is his power to add something new to the art of painting, you find him citing Annigoni, alongside Raphael, as an example of quality, "the essence of art value". And you may shudder when, having read his account of the Nazis' persecution of such great artists as Kokoschka, Nolde, Kandinsky and Klee, you find him summing up, "The ironical part about this policy of Hitler was that while Hitler himself painted pictures and several have appeared on the auction market recently, *he painted no better than the Expressionists.*" (The italics are mine.)

But these are details. The book is full of hard-headed horse-sense couched in the most forthright terms completely free of

that namby-pamby aesthetics stuff. Its language is crisp, punchy and brief. When, for instance, Mr. Rush wants to tell you not to put all your eggs in one basket he writes: "To own just one painting is like investing all of one's assets in one stock. Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is certainly a fine company and its stock is good, but there is merit to the attitude that it might not rise as surely as would a portfolio of selected stocks . . ." and so on for two paragraphs.

There is a wise warning, too, not to expect everything you buy to go up in value and there is a handy list of "gilt-edge" artists. A gilt-edge artist is "one whose paintings command relatively high prices, whose firmness of price has been demonstrated over a period of years and whose prices are not likely to decline precipitately in any short period of time unless the economic system faces a catastrophe". Listed as gilt-edge boys are Rembrandt, Vermeer, El Greco, Renoir, Gauguin, Matisse. If you are interested I know a chap who bought a Rembrandt recently for £821,000 and might be prepared to sell for a million and a half. And the Queen has a Vermeer worth the best part of a million. But no, I don't think so.

Still, Mr. Rush can be more down-to-earth, and among a number of suggestions he makes for packaged collections is one called "Impressionists". It would comprise 12 small but good quality paintings by Renoir, Monet, Van Gogh and nine lesser artists. Price £30,000. It sounds all right, but before you send the money I ought to warn you that Mr. Rush was writing in 1960. Things are going to be much dearer in 1963. Unless, of course, the economic system faces a catastrophe.

# OPERA

## J. ROGER BAKER

**THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST** SADLER'S WELLS (ELIZABETH FRETWELL, DONALD SMITH, RAIMUND HERINCX)

## The corn belt moves west

WATCHING TWO OR THREE OPERAS A WEEK WITH a view to writing about them, one is inclined to forget that opera is entertainment first and art second. This not highly original thought was inspired by the production of *The Girl of the Golden West* at Sadler's Wells, at the end of which I felt inclined to cheer as critics aren't supposed to. This reaction was not, I realize, because the music was a wild revelation of goodness, or because the performance was tremendous—but simply because I had been thoroughly entertained for three hours.

This opera, Puccini's excursion to the Wild West, was last performed in England in 1917 and I can't see why it has remained in obscurity here for so long. Perhaps because there are no outstanding arias as in Puccini's other works—though there are plenty of emotional outbursts and free-ranging melodies. Or maybe it's because the title role of Minnie is a star part difficult to cast. This Minnie is a great gal, boys. A tavern keeper in California during the 1850

gold rush, she is mother, sister and daughter to the gold miners who have left their homes to seek fortune. She reads the Bible to them, totes a pistol, is highly moral but keeps an ace in her placket and falls in love with a bandit hotly pursued by Wells Fargo. Elizabeth Fretwell acted and sang the title part nothing short of splendidly, her top notes ringing out over the orchestra and through the smog. Miss Fretwell should be singing at Covent Garden.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Minnie rejects the passes of the Sheriff and hides the wounded bandit (why no blood, Mr. Producer? Go and see *Troilus & Cressida*) in her attic. As he is about to be lynched, Minnie appears and preaches forgiveness to the angry miners. One by one they are won over until the whole company joins in a tremendous chorus over which Minnie's voice rides triumphant.

It is probably the corniest happy end in all opera, but the music and situation are enough to banish this prosaic thought until the middle of the next day.

A striking feature of John Blatchley's production is his successful establishment of the mining community, making the minor roles into real characters. I particularly liked John Hauxvell's account of the nostalgic ballad and Harold Blackburn as a representative of Wells Fargo. Donald Smith was Dick Johnson the bandit. Though he has a telling top register he seems unable

to phrase quieter passages with smoothness. Raimund Herinx was the Sheriff and used his sinister baritone to good effect. (Who, by the way, has ever seen a film Western in which the bad man got away with the girl, leaving the Sheriff chewing moodily on his cheroot?) From the brief, punchy prelude it was clear that Warwick Braithwaite was going to conduct a virile, passionate account of the score. He did; and his contribution accounts not a little for the resounding hit I intend to chalk up for this production.


If by any chance you have been given a leather packet of uncut diamonds by someone you haven't even sent a packet of Smarties to, I suggest a good New Year present would be to make this friend a Friend of Covent Garden. The Friends were formed in September, are a genuine charity (president the Countess of Harewood) to benefit the Opera House and all its works, and at the moment membership is more than 3,000. Friends can attend certain rehearsals, hear lectures (Michael Tippett is talking about his *King Priam* in January) and attend parties to meet singers and dancers in the crush bar. Send the name and address of donor and recipient to the Organizing Secretary, The Friends of Covent Garden, Royal Opera House, W.C.2. Full membership (for a year), 5 gns.; Associate membership, 3 gns.; Student membership, 30s.



# Identikits

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRY WARNER



➤ Here are some Identikits to transform you into the way you would like to look. . . .

➤ The Beautiful Spy hides under shrouding hoods, steeped to her eyes in furs. At night her protective covering is a feathered wig (above) wired to make furling fronds about the face. It comes in colours to make a peacock proud—like a burnished green, black with a touch of electrifying blue or feather white—but only for the girl with style and dash enough to wear it at a New Year's Ball. From the John Cavanagh Boutique, made to measure for 25 gns.

➤ Fatal Women wear the newer, darker lipshades that are ousting summer's pinks and oranges. The long overdue ruby lip is foretold by the sparkling Regal Red and Regal Pink from Elizabeth Arden. Regal Pink has all the life and fizz of straight bright

pink. The Red has the kick of a velvety garnet. With it goes Regal Glow creamy foundation plus powder and Regal eye shadow which is bronzy-neutral, designed to shape and background eye colour. Up to the same glamorous mark are Lancôme's Cardinale, Lenthéric's Crimson Flame. Look out for more and more as winter's coming on.

➤ There is a new, sleeker, grown-up gamine look about short hair. At Raphael & Leonard, they give the right sort of hair the right sort of look with an un-urchin shortcut. This new-looking shape is based on an elongated helmet line, cut into a triangle

at the neck, plus straightish soft sideburns. Good news for the girl who never stopped trying to look like Audrey Hepburn or who claims it's the only way to keep hair looking good in the country: Vital facial statistics are a pretty nose, skinny bones and wide eyes.



# Engagements



**Miss Anne Brocklehurst to Mr. Mark Radcliffe:** *She* is the daughter of Major-General & Mrs. A. E. Brocklehurst, of Woodborough Manor, Pewsey, Wiltshire. *He* is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. H. Radcliffe, of Woodhay, Windlesham, Surrey



**Miss Jennifer Green to Mr. Michael Johnson-Ferguson:** *She* is the daughter of Lt.-Col. H. Green, O.B.E., M.C., & Mrs. Green, of the Manor House, Carlton, Husthwaite, Yorks. *He* is the son of Lt.-Col. Sir Neil Johnson-Ferguson, Bt., & Lady Johnson-Ferguson, of Eaglesfield, Dumfriesshire



**Miss Elizabeth Susan Heywood to Mr. Paul Goudime:** *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Heywood, of Ingoldisthorpe, King's Lynn, Norfolk. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Paul Goudime, of Orchard House, St. Ann's Hill, Chertsey, Surrey



**Miss Olivia Gray to the Hon. Michael Brougham:** *She* is the daughter of Captain G. T. S. Gray, R.N., & Mrs. Gray, of Hollies, Stedham, Midhurst, Sussex. *He* is the son of Lord Brougham & Vaux, and of Mrs. Felix Guépin, of Garden Cottage, Stanmore, Mdx



**Miss Susan Whitbread to Captain Henry Hawksley, R.H.A.:** *She* is the daughter of Mr. J. R. Whitbread, of Glaedhow Gardens, S.W.5, and of Mrs. David Nunneley, of The Chantry, Bisley, Glos. *He* is the son of Mr. C. D. B. Hawksley, of Barnfield Cottage, Westham, Sussex, and of Mrs. Joan Hawksley, of Herbert Crescent, S.W.1



**Miss Tessa Longhurst Meredith to Mr. Esmé Francis Howard:** *She* is the daughter of the late Major K. E. Meredith and of Mrs. Robert Hamond, of Morston Hall, Norfolk. *He* is the son of the Hon. Edmund & Mrs. Howard, of via Lutezia, Rome



## MOTORING

*Dudley Noble**Herald with wings**The Triumph Spitfire—75 m.p.h. in half a minute*

SPITTING FIRE DOES NOT SOUND A VERY appropriate accomplishment for a car, but perhaps Triumph chose Spitfire as the name for its latest model with the feminine counterpart in mind. In this context it conjures up a vision of proud beauty with what film producers call temperament, and here there is a definite similarity. Triumphs have added a two-seater sports model to their range which is notable for its good looks, high performance and low price. Into their Herald chassis they have put a pepped-up version of the 1200 engine, and by giving it two carburettors and a 9 to 1 compression ratio have made it produce 63 b.h.p. These changes add up to a true road speed exceeding 90 m.p.h. and vivid acceleration through the four-speed gearbox from standstill to 75 m.p.h. in half a minute, which is pretty good even allowing for the fact that the Spitfire weighs a mere 14 cwt. unladen.

When one was sent round for me to try, the main trouble was to get into the driving seat, because if the car is up against a kerb the cushion is only an inch or two higher than it, so one soon learns to enter and alight from the road. Once in, the position at the wheel is comfortable, but the same could hardly be said about the suspension, which is about the most "sportscar-iest" I have experienced for a long time. In spite of this Spitfire, like the Triumph Herald, having independent springing to all four wheels, it would appear that tension and damping have been tightened up until, at

slow to medium speeds, one can feel every bump in the road. Again, the ground clearance of five inches makes it necessary to take gullies and humps with circumspection, or nasty scraping sounds come from underneath the car.

Such drawbacks will usually, however, be suffered gladly by the sports car enthusiast, and he certainly is well repaid when his foot goes down on the accelerator as traffic thins out. The firmness of the suspension then comes into its own, for the car corners like the proverbial angel, feels thoroughly safe and even has a wide safety margin for the over-enthusiastic. Skid correction, too, is not difficult with the really positive, fairly high-g geared rack and pinion steering, and one feature in particular is a joy—the remarkably tight turning circle, which allows the car to be swung round in a comparatively narrow road (25 feet) without reversing. Braking is in full keeping with the Spitfire's performance, using Girling 9-in. discs on the front wheels, and the handbrake lever is of the authentic racing "fly-off" type (i.e., you press the knob on the lever when putting the brake on, and release it by giving the lever a pull and then letting go). The hood is detachable, or can be folded down into the luggage locker, and when up seems weathertight. But one has to lower the glass window in the door to get ventilation. Fuel consumption I found to vary from about 32 to 36 m.p.g., depending on how the car was driven, and at £641, P.T. paid (£530 basic), the Spitfire is a good buy.

The recent cold spell focused attention on aids to de-icing and starting up from an overnight parking in the open. Durazone-Choice International sent me a range of their aerosol products which I have tried and found very effective: these are Choice engine starter (7s. 6d. for an 8-oz. can) which sprays special fuel into the air filter or carburettor intake; Choice instant demister (4s. 11d.) for spraying on screen and windows inside; and Choice de-icer (6s. 11d. for 16 oz.) which dissolves ice and frost from the exterior of the car, also locks and hinges.

Tyre inflation in one's own garage is a chore to avoid, especially if fitting a tubeless tyre after repair. The engine is pressed into service by Schrader's, the firm which makes tyre valves, in a neat piece of equipment selling for 26s. 6d. You remove a sparking plug (any one) and screw in a small unit to take its place, then connect the hose up to the tyre valve and start the engine. The piston in the cylinder fitted with the pump unit now draws in pure air and pushes it through the hose. A pressure gauge is available for £1 1s. extra, and there are also various domestic uses for the equipment.

The new B.M.C. Austin A60 diesel saloon has made history with its first major test—for fuel economy. Over a distance of 1,100 miles, its rate of fuel consumption was more than 58 m.p.g., a figure reminiscent of motor cycles rather than cars, for an average speed of 30 m.p.h. The run took three days over some of the most taxing country in the north of England and Scotland.

# DINING IN *Helen Burke*

## *Lucky dips*

I WAS RECENTLY INVITED TO A COCKTAIL PARTY at which "dips" from the other side of the Atlantic were introduced. Here and there around the room were bowls of various savoury mixtures on trays which also contained tiny crackers, small pieces of French bread and large potato crisps. The idea is that you take a cracker, piece of bread or potato crisp, scoop up a little of the dip with it and pop it into your mouth.

It seems to me that the whole point of these dips—and their virtue—is that people who drop in for a drink on their way home from the office have been without food for probably five to six hours and, some cocktails being pretty potent, a little dipping can do much to prevent that slightly unreal feeling which is apt to come over those who take a drink on an empty stomach. Dips themselves are not new, but packet mixes of tangy ingredients with which to make them are. Lawry's Foods of Los Angeles in California produce them and they are now obtainable here from, among others, Harrods and Selfridges.

Each "dip", costing approximately 2s., consists of two packets. They are Green Onion, Toasted Onion, Bleu Cheese, Garlic-Olive and Chili con Queso (Chili with Cheese). And very good they are. They are no trouble to make. All you have to do is add them to sour cream or cream cheese or cottage cheese, as directed on the packets, and they are ready to be served.

Every year, I like to make use of cold turkey and ham, or bacon, in a slightly different way. I now suggest that a PÂTE EN CROÛTE, made with these left-overs, will be very pleasant.

Cut 2 to 3 slices of the turkey and 2 to 3 of the cold cooked ham or bacon. Cut also about a breakfastcup of the trimmings of both turkey and ham or bacon. Melt 1 oz. of butter and quickly cook 3 oz. of sliced mushrooms and a chopped shallot in it for a minute. Remove and add a tablespoon of chopped parsley. Put this mixture, 2 oz. of lard and the turkey and ham or bacon trimmings through a fine mincer. Bind them with 2 beaten eggs and season all to taste.

Make your usual short-crust pastry. Roll it out fairly thinly and line a cake or loaf tin with almost two-thirds of it. Place a layer of sliced turkey in it, then a layer of

the minced mixture, then one of the sliced ham or bacon and more minced mixture. Repeat until all is used. Roll out the remaining pastry. Wet the rim of the pastry in the tin, place the rolled-out piece on top and pinch the edges together. Trim off. Make a hole in the centre for the escape of steam. Roll out the trimmings and cut them into "leaves".

Brush the pastry with beaten egg or milk. Arrange the "leaves" around the hole and brush them, too. Bake for 1 to 1½ hours at 350 to 375 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4 to 5. While the pie is hot, trickle a little hot, well-seasoned stock from the turkey bones into it through a funnel. Serve hot or cold.

MOCHA CAKE, based on the Victoria Sponge mixture, is the kind of cake that never seems to go wrong. Beat together 4 oz. each of butter and caster sugar and a pinch of salt. Beat in 2 eggs, one at a time, then add 6 oz. of self-raising flour, a few drops of vanilla essence and 2 to 3 tablespoons of top milk. (If, when adding the eggs, the mixture appears to be on the point of separating, add a little of the flour taken from the 6 oz. and go on beating.) Turn the mixture into a floured and buttered tin, 8 in. by 10 in., and bake for 35 to 40 minutes at 350 to 375 degrees Fahr., or gas mark 4 to 5, or until the cake shrinks slightly from the sides of the tin. Turn on to a wire rack and leave to cool.

Now for the MOCHA BUTTER CREAM. Put 2 oz. of loaf sugar in a pan with ½ pint of water. Heat slowly to dissolve the sugar, then boil until the syrup forms a thread when dropped from a spoon. Beat 2 egg yolks in a basin. Gradually whisk the syrup into them. Whip until the mixture is light and fluffy. Have ready 5 oz. of unsalted butter creamed in a basin. Gradually whisk the other mixture into it. Add a few drops of coffee essence. When the butter cream is firm enough, spread it over the top and on the sides of the cake. Have ready 3 to 4 oz. of flaked almonds, browned in the oven and left to become cold. Sprinkle them all over the butter icing.

Nowadays, we do not seem to have such large Christmas Puddings as we used to do, so the following may be irrelevant. Once, however, we always had a large pudding and there was always a half to two-thirds of it

left over. Here is how we used to deal with it for the Sunday after Christmas or New Year's Day: cut it into suitable slices or "fingers" and place them in the grill pan (not on the grid). Sprinkle with sugar and glaze under the grill.

Serve with this syllabub sauce: pour 2 to 3 tablespoons of dry white wine and 1 of sherry or brandy into ½ pint of thick double cream. Whisk until the mixture is well blended. Serve in a sauceboat with a spoon.

Since the coming of the cold weather, I have taken to serving our own English puddings because they are the best of their kind and, for the busy woman, a CAP PUDDING is perhaps the easiest and best of them. For 6 generous servings, spread 3 to 4 tablespoons of apricot or seedless raspberry jam in the bottom of a well buttered fair-sized pudding basin. Cream together 4 oz. each of butter and caster sugar and a pinch of salt. Beat in 2 large eggs and a little of the flour from 6 oz. of self-raising flour. Add the remaining flour and, finally, mix in 2 to 3 tablespoons of warm water. Turn the mixture into the prepared basin. Cover it with aluminium foil. Stand the basin in boiling water reaching more than half-way up it. Put on the lid and boil for 2 to 2½ hours.

Have ready heating 3 to 4 further tablespoons of the jam. At the last minute, add a tablespoon of sherry to it. Turn out the pudding, pour the "sauce" over it and serve at once.

MARLBOROUGH APPLE PIE, which I have enjoyed in the United States, is a homely and very pleasant dish. The "crust" is very loosely made. Mix together 3 to 4 oz. whole wheat biscuit crumbs, 2 oz. sugar and 1 oz. butter. Pat the mixture into a buttered 7-inch pie plate and place in the refrigerator to firm up. Beat together 3 tablespoons of sieved tart apple sauce, 1 dessertspoon of lemon juice, 2 tablespoons caster sugar, a pinch of salt, a small pinch of grated nutmeg, a little grated lemon rind, 2 beaten eggs and a tablespoon of melted butter. Remove the pie plate from the refrigerator and let it take on almost room temperature. Pour the filling into it. Bake for 20 minutes at 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 3, then reduce the heat to 300 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 2 and bake for an hour in all or until firm and set. Serve with single cream.

# ROSES AND ROSE GROWING

*G. S. Fletcher*

## *The roaring twenties (1)*

LONG BEFORE THE PRODUCTION ON "THE BOY Friend" set a fad for the period, I was an enthusiast for the 1920s—while, in fact, they were still going on. In retrospect the period seems better still: the Savoy Orpheans, the picnics with a portable gramophone, flappers and Baby Austins. And the way we used to sit in an expectant hush, headphones over our ears, for the magic words out of space and darkness: "Daventry calling. . . . Daventry calling." I often feel like getting myself back to that choice era and staying there.

The rose garden would present few difficulties. Many memorable introductions

date from the 20s. Some have never been displaced by later introductions and with care, avoiding those varieties that have been debilitated by age, a collection of roses entirely of the period could be grown. In this and the following article, I shall give a fairly representative list.

First I should choose *Etoile de Hollande*, introduced in 1919. Some believe this rose to be superseded, but I disagree: its dark crimson-black flowers are almost unique and the variety is good both as a standard rose and as a climber. The rose was raised by the famous Dutch firm of Verschuren, its parents being *General MacArthur* and

*Hadley*. Next I should choose the old show H.T., *Mrs. Charles Lamplough*, a N.R.S. Gold Medal rose of 1920. In spite of its age, it remains a fine exhibition rose, in which capacity it still turns up at the shows, and its well-formed creamy-lemon-white blooms have much character and elegance. Moreover, it retains its vigour, in contrast to certain other roses of this time—*Mrs. Henry Morse*, for example—which have unfortunately become too enfeebled to be worth growing today. *Betty Uprichard* is still fairly easy to obtain and is, in fact, one of the most popular of those H.T.s remaining from the early 20s. It was introduced in 1921.



## COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adam

Ticking in the New Year

WHEN MAKING PLANS TO RING IN THE NEW YEAR clocks have an important part, so this seems an appropriate moment to complete my story on horology by dwelling on the familiar long case, or as it is more affectionately known the grandfather, clock. Surely this is the clock personified. Many memories from childhood have happy associations with a grandfather clock and it has, therefore, become one of our best-loved possessions; its size, its friendly form and its reassuring tick-tock contributing to its personality. English long case clocks still surviving can be dated to about 1665, the pendulum—an essential feature of our grandfather clock—having been introduced into England in 1658. The earliest long case clock was the contemporary bracket or mantel clock mounted on a trunk or pedestal; thus the "long case" was formed. Among the first of these clocks the same short pendulum is to be found as on the bracket clocks of the period, and the upper portion of the long case, or hood, had similar architectural features.

By the time the long pendulum, which beats seconds, had been introduced in about 1671, the proportions of the long case, trunk and hood had been perfected. A clock by Edward East (No. 1) illustrates the architectural hood complete with its portico top and Corinthian capitals, the latter of fire-gilt metal, which was also used for the urn finials and the cartouche. The gilt-metal dial with a finely matted centre, and the spandrels designed as cherub-heads,

are typical of this period. The chapter ring is of silver, the hands blued steel, and the case itself is constructed from straight-grained walnut.

Following the portico top of the first decade it became more fashionable to design clocks with a flat top frequently surmounted by a carved cresting and No. 2 illustrates an extremely fine clock showing this new trend by the world renowned Thomas Tompion of *circa* 1680. It is worth comparing the work of this great master with that of the earlier clock by Edward East, and noting the number of detail differences. These two photographs were supplied by Sothebys.

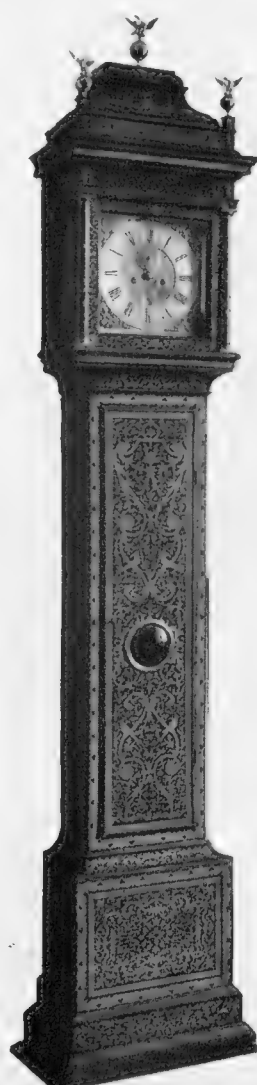
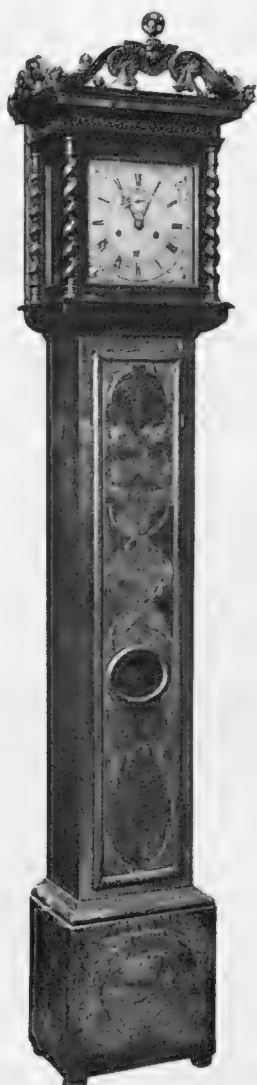
The types of wood used in fashioning the case for clocks can be a guide to determining the date. To begin with the cases were normally made of oak veneered with ebony, or were ebonized pearwood, but from about 1680 olive wood was taking the place of ebony in popularity, most attractive effects being produced with oyster-pieces. At the end of the century marquetry, too, was coming into favour as the cabinet maker's skill in this highly specialized side of his craft increased.

Marquetry contributes one of the main features of clock No. 3, *circa* 1710, illustrated by courtesy of the British Museum. All the grace associated with the Queen Anne period is epitomized in its elegant form. In 1710 and the following years the height of clock cases was increased, often to over eight feet. It will be noticed that the square dial continued to be popular and that the elaborate superstructure of the hood added considerably to the height.

The woods and veneers used for furniture in any period are also found on long case clocks, though mahogany is an exception since it was not widely used on clock cases until the middle of the 18th century. However, the same style of case might be displayed in walnut, oak or mahogany, and clock No. 4, from the Victoria & Albert Museum, though in fact executed in walnut, has a style typical of a mahogany grandfather of *circa* 1775. From about this date mahogany became the most commonly used wood, both in veneer and in the solid.

The arched hood and dial of this clock is of a type found some 50 years earlier on marquetry, walnut or lacquered cases. The arch in the dial provided space for a strike/silent lever, the date or the moon-phase. Mr. Camerer Cuss of New Oxford Street, chairman of the Antiquarian Horological Society, to whom I am greatly indebted for invaluable help and expert advice, tells me that the moon-phase dial was specially incorporated to aid those wishing to undertake the adventures of a night journey.

1. Clock by Edward East, *circa* 1670. 2. Example of the work of Thomas Tompion, *circa* 1680. 3. The use of marquetry on a clock of *circa* 1710. 4. Grandfather clock of *circa* 1775



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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2. December 26, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. © 1962 ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



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